

ONE DOLLAR

# Bitter Sweet

MAINE'S PEOPLE IN PERSPECTIVE

VOLUME FIVE, NUMBER TEN  
OCTOBER, NINETEEN HUNDRED AND EIGHTY TWO



Forgotten Orchard by Skip Churchill

## APPLE COUNTRY: A Talk With Growers

The Texture of Maine: Photo Essay by Skip Churchill of Hebron

## NORLANDS at LIVERMORE

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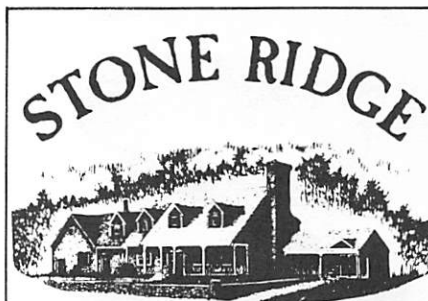


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# Bitter Sweet Views

## A BOUNTIFUL LIFE

It was a beautiful end-of-summer day in Western Maine and, once again, I was on the road to visit a contributor to talk about a story. This time I was out where stunning ridges sweep away from unexpected corners to breathtaking horizons. My ultimate destination was "Roundabout Road," Buckfield, and the home of John and Pat Meader.

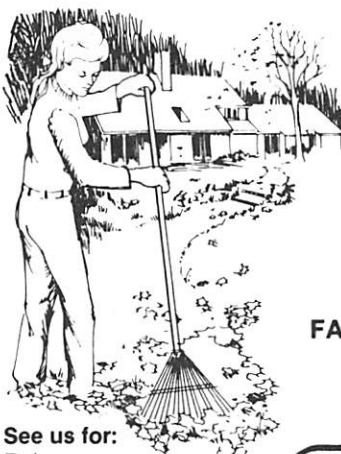
Over lunch of delicious homegrown chicken-vegetable soup and biscuits, we discussed the state of the farming business (frosty), the state of the publishing business (expensive), and John's look at Agribusiness in Maine which will be in an upcoming issue of **BitterSweet**.

What struck me that afternoon was, first of all, how little time there is in our busy lives for stimulating conversation over homemade soup, with a cat crawling through tangles of herbs and wildflowers just outside a sunny window (and what time we should *make* for such pursuits). Secondly, I took a look at the relaxed, shared, and satisfying way of life at the Meaders' home. Surely, John was worried about the probable loss of his low-lying bean crop in the early frost this year. Certainly, life is not easy for farmers in Maine—both Pat and John must have part-time careers in Lewiston.

But that day there was coffee on the woodstove in the simple, guileless house they've built themselves. And when I left, it was with arms full of flowers from Pat's homey garden: deep magentas, spanking golds, October-sky blues, Prussian scarlets, and passionate purples filled vases in my house for days. Stunning pink and white glads in jars of water still glow at my windows as I write this, and they keep me glowing with the spectacular peace and tangled bounty of life in the country, as lived by John and Pat Meader and all the others like them who have grown to appreciate life that way.

This issue is a bounty, too: an October harvest with something for everyone. After you've read your copy this month, why not buy one for a friend?

*Nancy Marcotte*



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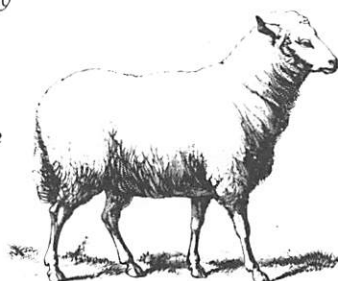
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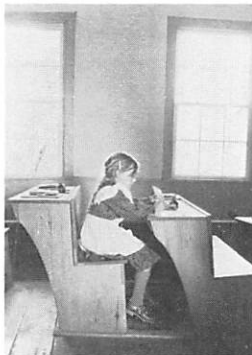
*BitterSweet is published:* 10 times  
annually (March - November & a  
double issue for winter months).

*Subscription Rate:* \$9.50 per year.  
(\$10.50 foreign addresses.) Sub-  
scriptions are welcome any time.  
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issue or print the name, address,  
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least four weeks for processing.  
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*Back Issues:* Available for \$2.00 each.

*Deadlines:* Editorial & Advertising 6  
weeks prior to publication date  
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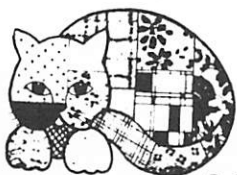
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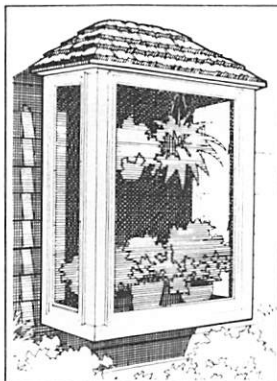
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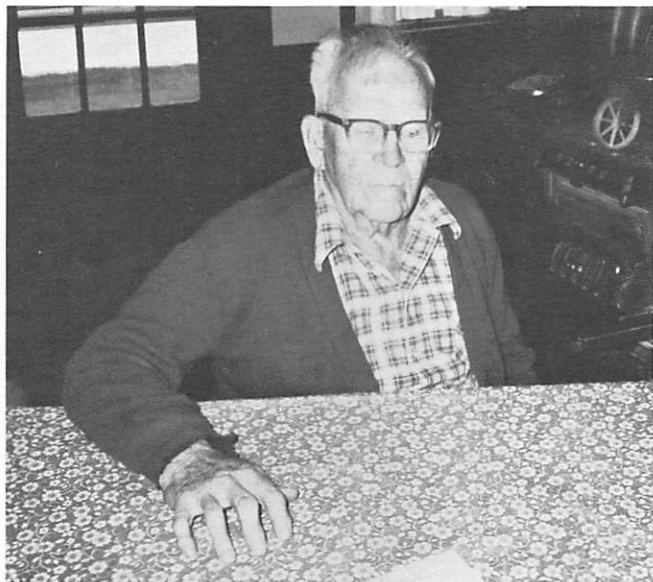
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*Ralph Weston, 88 years old, in his kitchen.*



*72-year-old tree on the Weston farm, still bearing 30-50 bushels annually*

## MAINE IS APPLE COUNTRY

### Apple Talk With Two Veteran Growers in Limington

The glacial hills and narrow-gauge valleys that characterize the topography of Western Maine have always posed real challenges to anyone aspiring to dig a living from the rocky soil. Old cellar holes, endless miles of stone walls, vestiges of fields long since reclaimed by forests, and broken plowshares are mute witnesses to the long and relentless struggle between man and the harsh elements of Nature; and inevitably and inexorably Nature was the winner in most instances. One commercial crop, however, flourishes where all others have failed. The apple tree is to Maine what the indestructible olive tree is the Mediterranean world.

As soon as there was a way for our early Maine farmers to get their crop to market, they were clearing land and setting out apple trees. The Cumberland and Oxford Canal, built in 1830, for example, opened up a vast area to apple growing that stretched as far inland as Buckfield, Otisfield, South Paris, Norway, and Waterford. Thousands of bushels were hauled by horses and oxen to Harrison, Naples, and points along Sebago Lake to be transported by canal boats to Portland and then to Boston, New York, and even across the Atlantic. Maine apples found a ready market then; they do today.

Whether one is travelling along major routes or exploring the maze of backroads that resemble the veins of a leaf, one will see row upon row of carefully-pruned apple trees marching in formation up and down the gentle glacial slopes of hill country. After a typical harsh winter, the apple trees are among the first flowering trees to awaken from a long hiatus and burst forth with white and pink blossoms that emit a fragrance that is wafted on a gentle spring breeze throughout the countryside. As autumn approaches and there is a crispness in the early morning air that portends the rapid approach of the icy hands of winter, much of the normally quiet rural area is invaded by armies of apple pickers who set about the business of harvesting (in most years) a bountiful crop of red and golden fruit. Everywhere along the highway, displays of apples and jugs of apple cider add even more color to our polychromatic autumn landscape.

There are, however, countless abandoned apple orchards; and spectral, skeletal apple trees intermingle with pasture pine—a grim reminder that apple growing, like any other form of agriculture, has its vicissitudes. Only

those who have the courage and perseverance to struggle through the bad years such as the Great Freeze of 1932 succeed and prosper in the end.

Two such individuals are Manley Brackett and Ralph Weston of Limington in York County. Both serve as paradigms for anyone who contemplates becoming a successful apple grower and as encyclopedias for someone like myself, who simply wants to ascertain more about the industry.

When I call him, Manley Brackett says, "Sure, come right over, but I want you to meet Ralph Weston; he knows more about apples than anyone else around here."

At a glance, one can tell that the Bracketts take great pride in a farm that has been in the family for several generations. Both land and buildings have been carefully maintained. Old buildings have been renovated as the business expanded. The most significant change over the years has been the construction of controlled atmospheric storage rooms. Controlled atmosphere for apples was introduced in Maine about 25-30 years ago and has changed the whole apple industry.

"What you do," explains Manley, "is lower the oxygen from 21 percent to 3 percent . . . and your carbon dioxide is upped to 4-1/2 percent. This keeps the apple dormant. You can't

*by Jack Barnes*



take all the oxygen away, because the apple is a living organism, and it has to have oxygen to live. If you take away all the oxygen, the apple loses its flavor and eventually rots."

Every day the atmospheric temperature in each room is carefully monitored. Once the apples are stored in the controlled rooms, the doors are sealed and are not opened for at least three months to conform to State regulations for controlled atmospheric (C.A.) storage apples.

"Prior to the introduction of atmospheric storage, only such apples as Baldwin and Northern Spy could be kept into the spring. Now we can store McIntosh into June."

Probably the popular McIntosh does better in Maine than in any other state; consequently, it is Maine's number one market apple.

Manley's son-in-law, Guy Paulin, was preparing to spray with a fungicide for apple scab, a spore that spreads very rapidly when wet.

"You definitely feel that chemical sprays are essential?" I asked.

"Absolutely! We couldn't raise an apple to sell if we didn't. When there is so much hunger in the world, we have to think of production. I set out some small apple trees in that big field over there. I didn't think the caterpillars would bother them, but they did. They stripped most of the leaves; I had to use something or I would have lost all my young trees."

"Then you feel there has to be a sensible compromise between the environmentalists and fruit growers?"

"Certainly. I respect chemicals as well as anyone. I had to go and pass an examination on the use of pesticides and herbicides before I could be licensed to use them."

Manley, like most other apple growers, sprays religiously at two-week intervals.

"When I do spray, as near as I can tell, I get rid of the insect I want to get rid of. You know, with the high cost of chemicals, it doesn't make sense to use more than is absolutely necessary. And, of course, the government has clamped down on the very toxic chemicals anyway. Chemicals we used ten years ago have been banned. Whether you want to or not, you are using less toxic sprays."

"The word toxic has such an ominous connotation. How dangerous are

these toxic poisons to those who have to use them?"

"When I was 12 or 14 years old, I used to walk behind the sprayer. My father made me carry an eighty-foot hose with a hand gun. We were using arsenate of lead, which was not nearly as harmful to the environment as DDT. That was when there weren't any thoughts about lead poisoning, or anything else. The nozzle always leaked, and the lead would run down my fingers and elbows. I would be soaking wet with the stuff, because the wind would be blowing . . . There are any number of old apple growers around here who are hale and hearty. Take Ralph Weston, for example; he has eaten more arsenate of lead than probably three hundred average people. He's 87. We probably will have to shoot him to get rid of him."

**"Take Ralph Weston . . . he has eaten more arsenate of lead than probably three hundred average people. He's 87. We will probably have to shoot him to get rid of him."**

**—Manley**

Ralph Weston's farm is located several miles off a main route. The entrance is a large granite stone on each side of an asphalt drive that ascends a gently sloping hill where Ralph's imposing house gazes over a scenic landscape. There is a broad sweep of lawn, a carefully-tended vegetable garden, and a small orchard of young peach and pear trees. Beyond the house and barn are rows and rows of apple trees laden with young apples that give promise of a copious crop for 1982. The man who greeted us looked to be about sixty. It was incredible that this, indeed, was Ralph Weston, who is nearly ninety.

When asked by Manley about the arsenic of lead, Ralph answers, "That is probably true. If you read the paper and listen to the news, you wouldn't dare eat anything. Everything you eat seems to develop cancer. It's a pretty uncertain world."

"Yes," agreed Manley, "it makes you want to give up sex, don't it?"

It took a few moments for Ralph to regain his composure. "Oh, yes, that's bad."

As is the custom on so many Maine farms, we all sat around a large kitchen table. Through one of the windows, I could see a colossal stack of

apple crates. "Manley," I asked, "didn't I see a sign in your yard announcing Lodi and Astrahan apples for sale on the twentieth of July?"

"That's right. It's a short interval now between the time you sell the last of your last year's apples and begin selling the early crop of Lodi and Astrahan. I am only about two months without apples."

"It's a good idea," interpolated Ralph, "to have a little time; if you had apples all the time, people would take them for granted. But if you run out of them in the spring of the year and there is a time when there aren't any apples, then they want them again in the fall of the year. They are just like a toad after a worm; they are fighting to get them."

"The Lodi," commented Manley, "is new in the area, but New Jersey used to flood the market early with them; it's a green apple."

"Back when I was growing up," Ralph recalled, "there was what they called then the 'New England Seven': the McIntosh, Delicious, Northern Spy, Greening, Baldwin, Gravenstein . . ." Ralph hesitated.

"Russet?" suggested Manley.

"No, I guess it was the Wealthy. Later on we began to hear about those other apples that came along."

"Now it boils down to two varieties, McIntosh and Cortland," Manley commented.

"Actually, you need the Cortland or some other variety for cross-pollination," Ralph interposed. "If you had an orchard of all McIntosh, you wouldn't have no apples."

"Our Red Delicious are fantastic, but marketwise they don't pay the bill," Manley stated.

Ralph agreed. "We raise a very good Delicious here in Maine, but it is a small apple. And because they ship in those great big apples from the West, everybody thinks a Delicious ought to be a great big apple. If it's smaller, they think there is something wrong with it."

At this point, Ralph's astute mind conjured up the following anecdote: "They have this interesting story they tell about those Delicious apples they raise out west. This man boasted that he could tell all apples by taste while blindfolded. So in order to try him out, they put a blindfold on him. They gave him a McIntosh; he took a bite and said, 'That's a McIntosh.' Then



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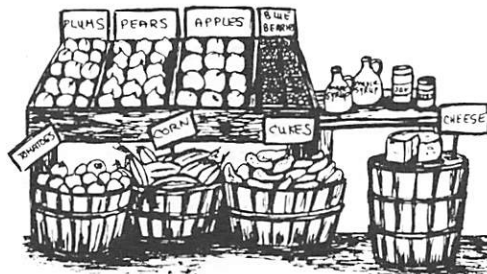
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*Ralph Weston's Orchard*



*Cold Storage Room on Manley Brackett's Farm*

he did the same with a Baldwin and several other kinds of apples. He would take a bite of each and immediately identify it. So they tried to have a little joke. They took some sawdust and pasted it together in the shape of a sheep-nose apple and handed it to him. He took a bite of it; then he took another bite of it. He thought a little while. Then he said, 'It isn't quite so juicy. I'd say that is a West Coast Delicious.'"

"What is a sheep-nose apple?" I asked as soon as everything had returned to normal.

"There are two kinds of apples," Ralph patiently explained. "There is the round apple and the sheep-nose apple. The Delicious is a sheep-nose or pointed apple.

"What happens when there is a bad year such as last year when a freeze came at a time when the apples were in blossom?" I asked.

"Strange about the apple industry," commented Manley. You have to have almost a disaster to make a profit. I lost a third of my crop last year. Everybody in New England had the same problem. Consequently, prices were good. The year before I had the best crop I ever had, but everybody had a nice crop. Prices were low; I didn't do well."

"Quite a few people go into the apple business," added Ralph, "on years when apples do well. They make a big splurge by putting out hundreds of trees. But then, the mice girdle them, or there is always weather such as hail and freezes. Many give up and the orchards are abandoned. Unless anyone stays right with it year in and year out, take the bad with the good, it doesn't work out too good."

Ralph began reminiscing about the Great Freeze of 1932. Like all the others throughout most of Maine who were in the apple business then, Ralph suffered heavy losses.

"The County Agent said for us to cut down our old trees, but I didn't. I cut out the center of the trees, leaving a place for light to come in. From the air the dark spot in the center looked like a doughnut. Art Williams, an Agway agent, was given credit for the technique."

"But actually you were the one to originate the technique?"

"That's right. I have seventy-two-year-old trees yielding 30 to 40 bushels of apples a year."

---

**"We raise very good Delicious here in Maine, but is a small apple. And because they ship in those big apples from the west, everybody thinks a Delicious ought to be a great big apple."** —Ralph

---

"Those trees are almost as old as you are, Ralph."

Ralph chuckled. "That's right. They are pretty old, but they yield about 1000 bushel per acre."

"Ralph, why is it necessary to spray so often today? Years ago you didn't spray as much, did you?"

"No, we didn't. A lot of apple growers fenced off their orchards and let hogs eat the apples that lay on the ground. Insects lay eggs in the apples, and the eggs hatch in the spring. By letting the hogs loose to clean up the apples on the ground, it broke up the cycle."

"Why can't it be done today?"

"The problem is that hogs root up

the soil. It would make the orchards too rough for much of the modern machinery we use today. I do try to pick up all the apples on the ground so the orchard is free. I don't know of anything worse than to bite into an apple and find a worm unless you bite into one and find a half a worm!"

"What about apple scab? Why is that more serious today?"

"There never was much trouble until the McIntosh became popular. It is more susceptible to scab. You know, I heard that scientists have discovered apple scab spores floating in the atmosphere as high as 20,000 feet."

"When do you fertilize your trees?"

I fertilize just as the frost goes out of the ground. Twenty years ago, Warren Stiles, head pomologist from the University of Maine, developed a special fertilizer for Maine orchards. He later left for Cornell University. Apples are rich in potash; they take most of the potash out of the soil. That is why people with a potash deficiency should eat apples."

"How about wood ashes, Ralph?"

"Wood ashes are very good. We used to use old hay also for mulch. Now I use the new fertilizer."

"Don't you have to use limestone?"

"Oh, yes, orchard soil needs lime every few years."

Once again I noticed the gigantic stacks of apple crates as I looked out the kitchen window. "Whom do you

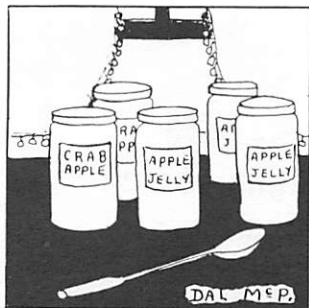
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**Next month BitterSweet will examine the apple industry in Maine in a special agribusiness article: *Is the Apple Industry In Trouble?***

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## GETTING THE MOST OUT OF AN APPLE

Rural Mainers and the hill folk of North Carolina share some similar culture traits: one of these is frugality. Certainly anyone who struggles to eke out a living tilling a hillside farm in either place has to be frugal in order to survive. Although my wife

Diana was born and reared in Montgomery, Alabama, she spent many summers in the hills of North Carolina; and it was there that she learned to use every part of the apple except the seeds and stem—and I am not ruling out the possibility that she may at some later date develop an utilitarian use for them.

Diana makes good apple sauce in large quantities and cans it. Then there remains a heap of peelings and cores. The chickens would be delighted with such delectable cast-offs, but Diana has a better use for them. She makes delicious jelly from the leftovers. Since apple peelings contain pectin, she has a foolproof sure-jell that's far better than any commercial pectin.

### Diana's Apple Jelly

*Put apple peels and cores into a pot, two-thirds covered with water. Cook until limp (about 30 min.) Strain. Bring juice to a boil. Add sugar (1 and one-half cups per 1 cup juice). Boil until thickens (about 5 min.). Pack into sterilized jars and seal.*

The first spring Diana spent in Maine, she noticed the wild apple trees that arch gracefully from an assortment of deciduous and coniferous trees, nearly trailing their flowery tresses along the meadow grass.

"What are those magnificent flowering trees?" she asked with marked enthusiasm.

"Wild apple trees," I answered. Every year when I try to mow under them, I get slapped in the face and threaten to cut them down before next haying season. But then, when spring comes and they are in full bloom, I cannot bring myself to cut them down. Besides, they are a favorite perch for the indigo bunting that sings so sweetly all summer.

"Don't they have apples on them?" she inquired.

"Well, yes, in a way."

"What do you mean, 'in a way'?"

"Many summers the trees are loaded with apples, but most of them are small, sour, and wormy."

"Wild apples make wonderful jelly! I don't even have to peel them. All I do is quarter them."

I never asked her what she does with the worms. Being a frugal woman, she probably feels it is an inexpensive way of adding protein to our diet. One thing, however, is certain: she makes the best apple jelly I ever tasted.

*Jack Barnes, Brookfield Farm, Hiram*

## THE APPLE TREE

The apple tree bears no more. In age  
Its limbs are lopped, its trunk is sawed for the fire;  
It runs its course like every living thing.  
Once it was strong, a beautiful young tree  
With bushels of fruit, the pride of all the orchard;  
Now it is firewood, ending its career.

Apple-wood is best. The woodyard  
Will pay a premium for it. It gives much heat  
And also burns with vari-colored flames  
As though a rainbow fills its aged limbs  
And says to watchers of its late demise  
"Those fruitful in life are beautiful in death."

*John E. Hankins, Otisfield*

## KEEPING BEES

Bless the bees: without them there would have been no pollenization; no apple trees filling rocky New England orchards since time immemorial. Eventually, humankind learned to tame the little black and yellow creatures.

Winifred Merrill of Harrison remembers when her grandfather kept bees:

"Grandfather's shop was a wonderful place. If a little girl needed her shoes tapped or needed a doll repaired, that was the place to go. He kept his bee equipment there, including a honey extractor which was made of metal and was about the size of a barrel. He turned a crank and the honey was separated from the comb and ran out a spout and later was put in square blue glass bottles and closed with thin cork stoppers.

"Bees make honey from whatever blossoms are available. Clover honey is best, goldenrod honey is poorest. Sometimes, Grandfather's bees worked on raspberries, of which we had an abundance in July and August, and the honey had a pinkish tint. When Grandfather worked with his bees, he wore a wide-brimmed hat with a bee veil tied over it and well down over his shoulders (as shown in the picture) and gloves that protected his wrists. I never knew him to get stung.

"A typical hive of bees may include 50,000 bees or more. There is one queen, and perhaps 100 drones or male bees. When too many drones hatch out, the workers kill some of them by stinging them. The queen is the female. When another queen hatches, the colony separates and forms another "family." The old queen leaves the hive and lights on a limb or something nearby. In the picture, Grandfather has a small tree. I well remember running into the house to tell him the bees were swarming there. A part of the colony of bees follows the old queen and they form in a bunch, all crawling over each other and humming a very delicate song which is much like a high-frequency whistle. At a crucial moment when the bees all get information, if they are unattended, they will fly away, all keeping together. If Grandfather didn't get them into a hive which he had prepared, he lost the swarm.

"He used a smoker, which was like a bellows with hot charcoal in it, and the smoke came out in puffs as Grandfather squeezed it. It quieted the bees and he could get them into the hive. Bees are the only domesticated insects. The board fence in the picture made it easier for the bees to fly in with their loads of honey.

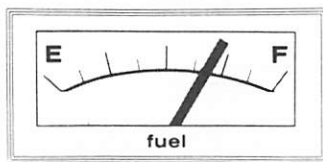
"One time, Grandfather was aware that he was losing honey from some of his hives. Guy Cushman, who was working at the farm at that time, slept in Grandfather's shop. Grandfather loaded a shotgun with rock salt, and told Guy if he saw anyone near the hives in the night, to shoot and he would take the blame.

One night, Guy heard a slight noise and, looking out the window, he saw a man lifting the top from a bee hive. He pointed the gun out the window and pulled the trigger. The man threw up his arms and holstered, and disappeared into the darkness. Some time afterward, a doctor in Bethel told Grandfather that a man came to him suffering from smarting in his legs, and he had picked out rock salt!"



**Next month: A special look at Poets In Maine**

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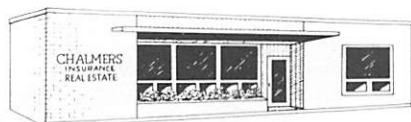
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# Young People's Writing from Gorham High School

## TEARS FOR GRAMPA

Dad, Mom, Gram and I arrived at the funeral home a little early. We stood outside waiting for my uncles and aunts, who were just starting to arrive. Gram took my hand and pulled me away from the group.

"When you're inside, I don't want you to cry. You're gonna see a lot of people crying, but I don't want you to. Do you hear me?" she asked in what seemed to be a scolding tone.

I nodded and asked, "Will Momma cry?" "Oh, probably," she said resignedly. "But you can't."

"Why not?" I asked. "Because you should be happy, now that Grampa's in heaven. He's with God. Grampa doesn't want you to cry for him because that shows we're weak and we need to be strong, now that he's gone."

Because I was so young, what Gramma said made sense to me. I didn't understand death. I knew dying meant heaven, but I didn't know that it was forever.

Aunt Harriet and Uncle George were the last to arrive. We formed a line and went into the parlor, where many of my other relatives were waiting. I sat with some older cousins, while Mom and Dad sat near the front. There were so many beautiful flowers with strong, pretty scents all around the room that I knew no one would cry. The room was too happy for crying.

In front of the rows of chairs sat the coffin. I was too short to see inside. Half of the coffin lid was open, and I could see the beautiful red velvet padding that lined it.

Gramma sat in the front row facing Grampa in the casket. Gram sat in an upright position with her hands folded as if leaning back would make her prickle. Showing no emotions at all, she shed not one tear. I even thought once that Gram was dead, too, because she showed no more life than Grampa in the coffin.

At the end of the services, everyone filed by the casket. My cousin, Ralph, took my hand and led me to the coffin. I passed my uncles, aunts, my parents and Gram. All were crying except for Gramma. Ralph lifted me up to see Grampa lying inside. He was wearing his best dress suit and had his hands folded. His hair combed to one side showed his bald spot. I wanted to giggle because I always teased him about it.

I couldn't understand why everyone was crying. After all, Grampa was right here asleep. I thought to myself, "Grampa will wake up soon and we'll go to Grampa's house for dinner like we usually do on

Sundays. Then maybe Gramma will stop being so mad at me."

More than a month passed when I was sent to Gramma's house for the afternoon. It was a rainy day. I stayed indoors and helped Gramma peel the apples for a pie she was making for the two of us. We sat at her little wooden table that was placed under a light in the center of the kitchen. I really didn't peel the apples at all. Gramma did the peeling. I just caught the peelings and ate them as she whittled them off. We had been working quietly when I blurted out what I had been holding in since the funeral. "I'm weak!" I yelled at her.

"What?" asked Gramma, startled, as she lifted her head from the peeling.

"Now I was quiet. The only sound was the constant rhythm of the knife scraping against the apple. I felt a lump in my throat. My eyes watered and my vision blurred. My palms sweated as I sat there hanging onto the edge.

"I said, I'm weak," I repeated softly. Gramma put her head down to see how she was doing with the apple. It was finished. She picked up another and began to peel it.

"Why do you say that?" she asked. "Because after the funeral, I cried. I cried for Grampa. I miss him. I can't be strong without Grampa. I'm mad. Mad at God for taking Grampa away. Why did He take Grampa away? Why? Why?" I shouted at her, crying. I hoped that Gramma knew the answer to the question that only God could answer. Tears streamed down my cheeks. I wiped the tears with my dirty shirt sleeve.

Gramma slammed down her knife and apple and yelled, "How dare you be angry with the Lord? How dare you be angry with the Lord when He has taken your Grampa to live with Him in heaven? How dare you? You don't see me angry at the Lord because He took Grampa away, do you? Well, do you?" Gramma asked persistently.

"You didn't love him as much as I did," I yelled back.

Suddenly I felt a sharp, hard sting on my face. Gramma was mad and had slapped my face. I stopped crying. Gramma had never hit or laid a hand on me before. Never had I seen her like this.

She picked up the knife and started peeling another apple. But this time she peeled more quickly and took bigger slices. I did not say a word. I didn't know what to say or do. I just waited.

Then I heard what I thought was a sneeze. But this sneeze kept repeating and it was coming from Gramma. She was crying. She stopped peeling the apple, which was now only a core, and wiped her eyes

with a corner of her flowered apron.

"I miss him, too," she said, breaking down with a flood of tears. This was the first time Gramma had ever cried in front of me. I came out of my silence. I ran and jumped into her arms, crying harder than ever before in my life. The scene was too overwhelming as I cuddled into Gramma's lap, holding onto her and apologizing for what I had said.

I never told anyone of our experience, nor did Gramma and I mention it to each other again. It was our secret. Both of us had proven to be strong at the funeral but alone we cried together.

Peter Smith, 18

*These sensitive short essays were done by the students of Mrs. Jean Davis, Gorham High School English Department.*

## DURING THE WAR

She envied her children. They continued along their normal lives, playing by the brook and in the field, not realizing that their father was in France fighting a war.

"Every little chore I did or errand I ran reminded me of him in some way," she admitted with dismay.

Following the same routine each day, she dressed the children, fed them, and sent them to school. After cleaning the house she made her daily trek down to the post office. "The days when a letter came from him were special," she said with a faint gleam of remembrance in her eyes. "I waited until mid-afternoon to read it, deliberately putting it off. I wanted that time all to myself."

She smiled, recalling the letters. They followed the same pattern: news of the war, questions about the children, and hints as to how much he missed everyone sprinkled in everywhere. "Nearly always he wished I could mail him one of my chocolate cakes!" She laughed.

The women of the town became as involved in the war as the men. Each day newspapers were scoured warily. Ears strained to hear every word of the static-laden overseas radio broadcasts. Often, morning coffee sessions lasted well into the afternoon as the women discussed new developments taking place in Europe.

She stopped speaking abruptly. Her wrinkled hands gripped the arms of the chair until her knuckles showed white. "Then one day I received the letter," she whispered in a barely audible voice. "I was hesitant to open it, frightened of what it might have told me."

Her eyes closed. She swallowed hard, then took a deep breath, looking up again.

The letter simply stated that her husband had been injured, that he would be hospitalized in America, and that he had received a medal of honor, the Purple Heart. He need never return to war again, she read while walking home from the post office.

"I felt the letter slip from my fingertips and watched it flutter to the ground through blurry eyes. I sat beside it in the warm sunshine and sobbed."

*Kerry Kreiton, 18*

## THE TREE

The tree was not ordinary; it was spectacular. On summer mornings the dew dripping from the dark green leaves would soak my t-shirt and shorts, but I would soon dry off in the mid-morning sun. In the fall, all the leaves would turn yellow. They would float down to the ground beneath, giving the tree the appearance of being surrounded by carpet. During the winter, the branches would sway and let out lonely cries in the blistering winter winds. The tree was always the best, no matter what season it was.

The tree had sturdy branches that were spaced apart enough to make the climb daring, but not too dangerous. The bark around the trunk was rough and scratched my exposed skin if I was not careful. The farther up the tree I climbed, the softer the bark became. The bark at the top cooled me down if I rubbed my back on it. The tree split into two branches at the top, forming a seat. My friends and I raced to the top every day. Whoever got to the top first would be "King for the Day," and the rest of us would be his slaves. I very rarely won, because all the other kids were bigger and stronger than I.

One spring day my cousin and I went to climb the tree. We raced to the top; I won. While I was admiring the beauty of the tree, I noticed a nest a few branches below. I climbed down to the branch and started crawling toward the nest. A sudden surge went through my body. I felt dizzy, then everything went dark. I awoke face down beneath the tree. I had no idea how long I had been lying on the ground. I had

scratches all over my chest, two burnt fingers, and singed hair. I had been electrocuted. I ran home and asked my mother how long it took to die after being electrocuted. She said I would have died instantly. She called the doctor; at the hospital they did some tests on me, bandaged up my fingers, and sent me home.

The next day on my way to school, I noticed a truck parked under the tree: two men were cutting the branches away from the wires. They made a large, gaping hole in my tree. My friends would not talk to me for days. They said the tree was not the best any more. I had ruined it.

*Charles Porter, 18*

## NUMBER 8

The bus is all I remember of my first year in school. Its number was eight and it was dingy yellow with lots of rust and peeling paint. It tilted to one side from a broken spring.

The driver was an old man whose name I can't remember, but he had thin white hair that was neatly combed back all the way to the nape of his neck. His hairline was receding and he had lots of wrinkles. I remember the back of his head mostly, since I saw so much of it. His ears were huge and stuck way out from the sides of his head. I used to wonder whether his big ears could hear every word I said, no matter how quietly I said it. His eyes would look up into the mirror to make sure we were all in our seats and didn't have our hands out the windows. He rarely hollered at us, and only when it was a serious act would he get angry.

It was a long bus ride that covered all of West Gorham. I sat in the back seat with my buddy, Chuck Porter. Everyone constantly fought for the back seats because whoever sat in them would be tossed the highest when the bus hit a bump. We talked a lot and pointed out interesting things we saw, like a car accident, a flooded stream, or a newly-downed tree.

The engine was loud and sounded like a herd of snowmobiles racing across the prairie. When the driver shifted, blue fumes would come out the back. The fumes smelled raunchy and they always got in-

side the bus and made us wrinkle our noses.

The seats were ripped and hard to sit on. After fifteen minutes of sitting on them, we would fidget and shift around.

In winter the bus was freezing. A thick layer of frost (that was fun to write in) stuck to the windows. We wrote things like J.C. + R.K. in little hearts. A cold draft blew in around the windows because they rattled and banged at every bump.

The bus and driver have since been replaced. Somewhere another little boy is taking my place and is experiencing the same things I did on the bus.

*Bennett Allen, 18*

## THE SOLO

My entire body trembled as I anxiously awaited my turn to go on stage. I had been practicing for weeks and tonight I was to perform a solo on my viola in front of a sold-out auditorium.

When my turn finally arrived, I took a deep breath and wiped my sweaty hands on my new, pink, long dress chosen especially for this occasion. I headed for the stairs leading to the stage. Out of the corner of my eye, I spotted my parents smiling supportively. I was determined to make them proud of me.

My head was held high as I started up the stairs. I neglected to lift the front of my dress; I tripped over the dress and fell. The black, shiny chinrest of my beautiful viola shattered. Blood drained from my face and rose again. I could feel the prickly heat on the back of my neck and the redness in my cheeks. My heart was beating so strongly, I was sure the whole auditorium could hear it.

The school principal rushed to my rescue. As he tried to help me out of my tangled mess, he asked me if I still wanted to perform. Tears streamed down my crimson face as I nodded yes.

I continued my long journey up the stairs, wiping away my salty tears. When I reached the stage, I rushed through my solo with my lip quivering and my broken viola sticking sharply into my neck. As soon as it was over, I hurried off the stage and down the stairs (this time lifting the front of my dress). Rushing into the girls' room, I burst into tears and heavy sobs.

My mother soon appeared in the bathroom to see if I was all right. She told me I had gotten two standing ovations. I had never even seen or heard the audience.

*Maureen Gorman, 18*

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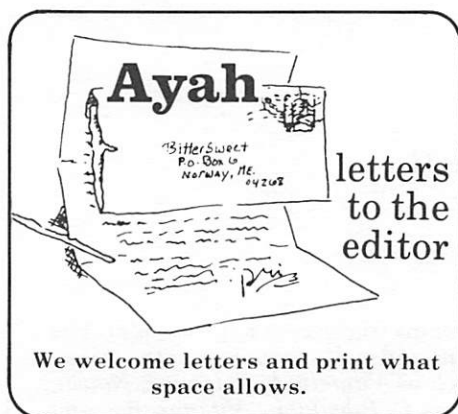
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## ACCOMPLISHMENTS

Your magazine was my first contact with Oxford County since my summers there as a youngster on Lake Thompson. Bittersweet brought back so many memories and has made me long for a visit. Consequently, I am enclosing a check to cover subscription costs...

*Yankee and Down East* should be jealous of what you're accomplishing.

Sally Abbott  
Cambridge, Mass.

## AUGUST PICTURE

Your August picture looks like the wall and brook that ran by the house of Fred Cummings—near the grade school 1 & 2 of Miss Gardner (Norway).

But—I cannot see the stable. It had a round table upon which the sleighs could be turned. There was a pony and a donkey. After school, Mr. Cummings allowed the children to take turns going about town on a tour—the pony cart or sleigh was always in the lead.

I believe the children helped rub down the pony and donkey after the ride and helped hang up the harness. It was real fun, a pleasant memory.

A. L. Lychalk  
Slaterville Springs, New York

## MAPLECROFT

I think you made a misstatement connected with that picture of Maplecroft. Mr. and Mrs. William Hobbs (my great-grandparents) did live there. However, it was their son, Walter Hobbs, my mother's uncle, who operated Maplecroft. He was a stylish, upcoming "old bach."

Maplecroft was originally the parsonage to the Norway Center church. It was Uncle Walter who added the big tower and the long porch and had the great big barn built.

Maplecroft burned, in the middle of the night, in the late 20's. That same summer the old French place, on top of the Hill, at

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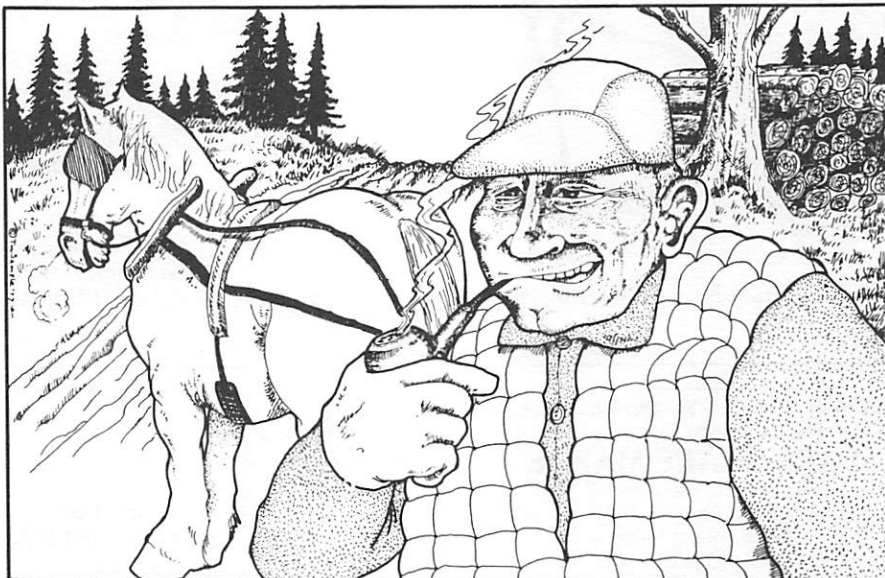
Medicine For The Hills is on a short hiatus. It will return next month.

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# Cooking with Honey

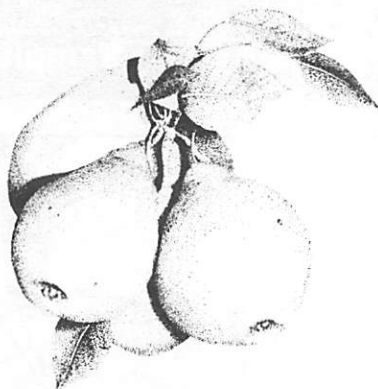
by Honey Millet

## THE FORGOTTEN FRUIT

Americans each consume more than 100 lbs. of sugar every year. That's a staggering thought. Sugar is an empty food: devoid of anything except calories. It is also an appetite stimulant, creating its own need for more; and it can be found secretly in most foods we eat—especially canned goods and packaged cereals.

Most people know that. Most of us also know that the old nutritional standby, the Basic Four Food Group, recommends four fruits a day in our diet. At this time of year, when we are at the height of our fruit harvest, we can have them fresh: apples, pears, peaches, grapes.

The pear has truly become the forgotten fruit of New England. Time was when the long-bearing Bartlett and spicy Seckel were staples on every Colonial farm. It's versatile, this fruit. It can be cooked, sliced, canned, candied, or eaten raw. With a soft, nutty cheese or a dessert cheese like Havarti, raw pears are an elegant end to a meal.



*Drawing by Betsy Hanscom of South Windham*

Of course, fruit contains fructose—a natural sugar. The difference between this and white sugar is that the vitamins and minerals, such as *Vitamin A, Thiamine, Niacin, Iron, Calcium, Vitamin C, Riboflavin, Vitamin B-6, and Phosphorus* have not been refined out. Pears seem to be particularly low in *Sodium* and high in *Potassium*. Still, one should limit oneself to four a day—fructose is sugar, after all.

## A Good Fruit Salad

You can add or substitute other fruits such as bananas, oranges, or tangerines to this recipe—but there is some evidence that the best foods for us are those grown in our own climate.

2 cups diced pears/apples  
1 cup fresh peaches, sliced  
1 cup grapes  
1 cup roasted peanuts and  
1 cup sunflower seeds  
(for protein complementarity—see *BitterSweet*, September, 1982)

## Options:

honey and lemon juice, raisins, shredded coconut, carrots, plain yogurt, cottage or ricotta cheese.

## Garnishes:

Mint leaves, toasted wheat germ\*

\*(The more sugar we consume, the more B-Vitamins we need because they're used to metabolize carbohydrates. The book *Laurel's Kitchen* recommends wheat germ as rich in B-Vitamins.)

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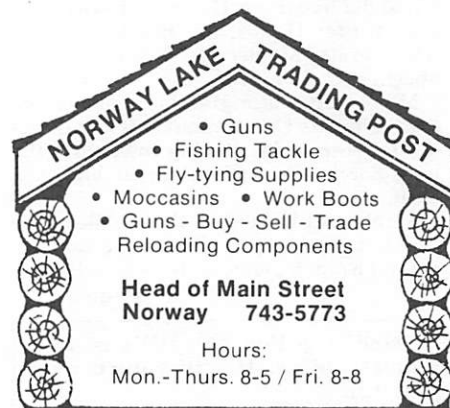


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# Heading Out

## COLLECTING MINERALS IN THE OXFORD HILLS

by Jane Perham

Mineral collecting is a great hobby for everyone and we are living right in the middle of a "rockhound's" paradise. We can claim the ledges of Oxford County as part of our back yards, which makes us the envy of mineral enthusiasts all over the world. All that's needed to make a rockhound happy are mineral deposits, and we have them a-plenty.

Digging about for rocks and minerals is the sort of activity that can be enjoyed by the entire family. From the youngsters to the oldsters, this is one hobby where you are free to set your own pace and still have lots of fun. Your success as a collector is not dependant upon the amounts of time and/or money you put into the venture. To join the ranks of mineral collectors, you need only two things—a healthy curiosity and an appreciation for nature's handiwork.

In this era of energy conservation, mineral collecting is just perfect for us, too. There may be quarries which are within walking distance of your home, and to reach any of the local quarries, you needn't travel far. Your interest may grow until searching for minerals becomes a year-round endeavor. When weather makes actual field collecting impossible, that's the perfect time to identify your specimens, organize your collection, and get together with other collectors.

*Do amateur collectors ever find anything of real value?* In all truthfulness, the answer is a definite yes! The first tourmaline that was found at Mount Mica was unearthed by two school boys. "Uncle" George Howe collected some of the world's finest amethyst on Pleasant Mountain in Denmark. The world's largest cache of tourmaline was discovered about ten years ago at Newry by a man who didn't know one mineral specimen from another. Some really nice specimens are found by beginners—of all ages—proving this to be an equal opportunity hobby, indeed. All you need is curiosity!

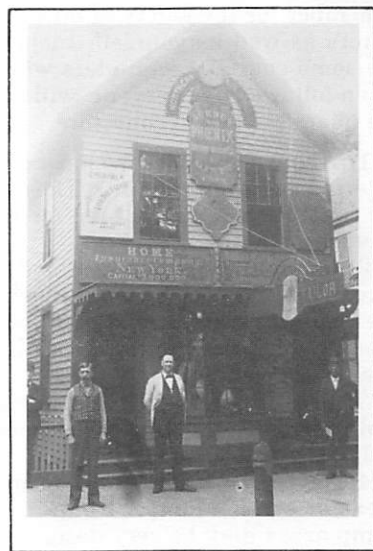
Local mining is, of a sporadic nature. fully monitored by a collectors whose each year. Between mineral collectors life in the quarries. the miners with their main source of the mens, however. Their ally made in the piles by the miners. These tives that "one man's treasure. During the three hundred collectors visited local quarries. Now some six thousand come here to collect each year and the number will likely increase substantially.



and always has been. This activity is care-faithful following of number increases mining operations, maintain a spark of The pits that supply needs are not the rockhound's speci-greatest finds are usu-of waste material left dumps are proof posi-trash is another man's 1920's, approximately

Mineral collecting, like so many other outdoor activities, can be perfectly safe if you only use common sense and good judgement. The quarries in our area are all open pit mines and, unless being mined, are usually filled with water. This single factor should relieve you of "large" worries, since the rockhound seldom has access to an open pit.

*Above: this magnificent smoky quartz crystal specimen was collected in Greenwood at the Waisanen Quarry.*



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Here is a small list of things to remember for the safety of other collectors as well as yourself. Included are some courtesy reminders which, when followed by everyone, will keep the quarries open to collectors.

(1) Always ask permission before entering any dumps or pits. The owners may charge a small fee for this privilege.

(2) If a quarry is being mined, be sure to make your presence known to the miners. If they aren't aware you're around, you may find yourself in a dangerous position.

(3) Bring what you will want for tools and never touch any which may be lying about the quarry area.

(4) Never throw rocks into open pit areas or on the dumps. Running on dump areas may be very dangerous. Not only can you have a nasty fall, but rockslides can be created which endanger others.

(5) If you do enter a pit, never dig under the quarry walls. The overhanging quarry walls may break away very easily. It's also a good idea to stay away from the edges of a pit, for they, too, may crumble easily under your weight.

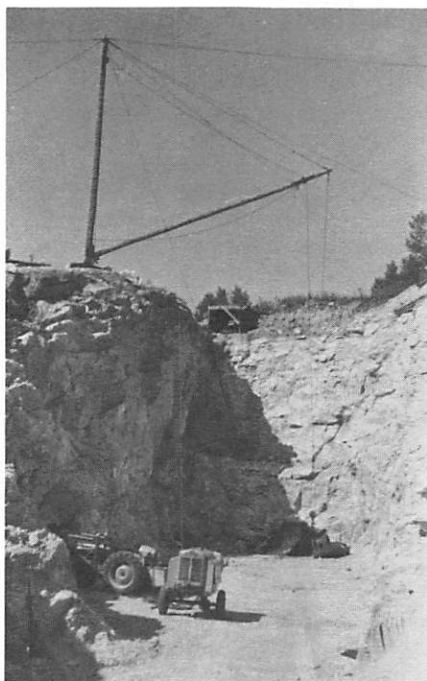
(6) Miners may stockpile various minerals for future use. Don't use them for your collecting purposes.

(7) The road leading to a quarry or mine may be filled with some inviting specimens, but don't dig up the road in pursuit of such pieces. Maintenance of a quarry road is very expensive.

(8) Don't park your car so it is blocking entrance to a quarry area.

(9) It's a good idea to take a friend along on a collecting jaunt. Always be certain you tell someone where you are going and the estimated time you'll return.

## One-third of the world's minerals are found right here in southwestern Oxford County.



*The Tamminen Quarry—a typical Oxford County mine*

You can see there aren't so many rules beyond that of courtesy. By respecting the privilege of being permitted to collect at a quarry, you don't spoil the opportunity for those who follow.

### Equipment for Collecting

The list is small and easily dispensed with. As you grow more experienced, the list may grow. For the beginning, however, the following will suffice: (1) *A Hammer*—a prospector's pick is good, but a masonry hammer will get you by for a while; (2) *A canvas sack* or something sturdy to carry your specimens in—rocks can be heavy, so remember the old rockhound's rule: never take more than you can carry yourself; (3) *An inexpensive magnifying lens* is often handy for identification; (4) *A few band-aids* may be useful, as quartz and other minerals are frequently sharp.

At this time, an admission fee is required at Bennett Quarry and Mount Mica—both of which are located in the Paris Hill area. The \$2 charge obviously isn't a money-making proposition and it won't begin to compensate for the high premium price in

insurance precautions. A similar charge is made at the Bumpus Quarry in Albany.

Some collectors like to hike in the woods and try to examine an exposed ledge more thoroughly. Those who wish, however, may choose from the number of quarries that a century and a half of mining have created.

From the following list of quarries, you should be able to pinpoint the beginning of your mineral collecting ventures:

**1. Mount Mica, Paris Hill.** (Owner Plumbago Mining Co.) Green, blue or pink tourmaline, cookeite, colorless quartz crystals, beryl, montmorillonite.

**2. Bennett Quarry, Paris Hill.** (Owned by the Bennett Family.) Beryl, colorless quartz crystals, amblygonite.

**3. Whispering Pines Quarry, South Paris.** (Perham's.) Rose quartz, black tourmaline, garnet crystals, smoky quartz.

**4. Harvard Quarry, Greenwood.** (Perham's.) Cookeite and quartz crystal groups, green tourmaline, purple apatite, lepidolite, beryl.

**5. Waisanen Quarry, Greenwood.** (Perham's.) Smoky quartz, cookeite, montmorillonite, colorless quartz crystals, beryl, topaz.

**6. Tamminen Quarry, Greenwood.** (Nestor Tamminen.) Psuedo-cubic quartz, beryl, cassiterite, montmorillonite, petalite.

**7. Nubble Mine, Greenwood.** (Perham's.) Rose and white star quartz, green apatite, high-grade mica.

**8. Bell #1 Quarry, West Paris.** (Rupert Aldrich.) Noted for its excellent geological features.

**9. Emmons Quarry, Greenwood.** (Penley Brothers Corporation.) Amblygonite, pollucite, lepidolite.

**10. Tiger Bill Mine, Greenwood.** (Penley Brothers Corporation.) Purple and blue apatite, beryl, amblygonite.

**11. Bumpus Mine, Albany.** (Albert Kimball.)

### Maps Available at Perham's

For those who are familiar with the quarries in the area, the Newry Mines and the Black Mountain location are currently closed to visitors or collectors.

## Next month: Specimen Identification, Care of the Collection, and Feldspar and Tourmaline Mining in Oxford County.

*Jane Perham, author of a book on minerals, can be found at Perham's Maine Mineral Store on Rt. 26 in West Paris—a haven for collectors since 1919. In the museum there is a fine display of local minerals, and questions can be answered.*

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# The Texture of Maine

*Photos by Skip Churchill*

*Smoke spirals upward  
into falling snow.  
A window lights.  
Fragrance of bread floats down the hill.*

**Dreaming**

*Shingles of the falling-down barn—  
How lovely you are in old age!*

*Fog.  
My hill becomes Japan.  
The roof curls upward.  
With a ghost brush  
trees are stroked  
upon a gray-white scroll.*

*Poetry by  
Pat White Gorrie*

(part of a collection, some of which will be printed this winter in a book: **River Stones—Meditations on Maine**, from The Downstairs Press, RFD #3, Box 168, Bangor, ME 04401.)



**Nor'easter**



*Earth turns,  
carrying on its  
this hill  
and my bu*

*Snow cradles  
White sun  
tucks me in.*

*In Autumn  
playful God  
dumps leaves  
for me to kick t*

**Isle au Haut**



**Contrast**

*God  
shakes a feather duster.  
Snow.*

*Snowflakes fall.  
I become one.  
It touches Earth.  
I become another.*



**Early Spring**



back  
dled body.

e—

hrough.



March



Self-Portrait with Son

*Strung between two trees—  
A feather quilt,  
inhaling air.*

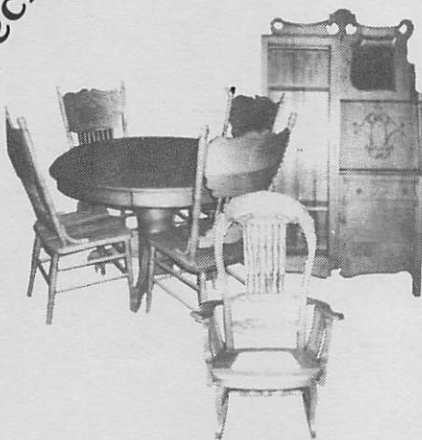
*Pages turned without sound.  
Outside—  
wind rushes toward trees, hoo-ing.  
An aspen leaf tears free  
and hurls iteslef to death  
upon the snow,*

*Across my face—  
lace curtains  
of wind.*

Skip Churchill is a Hebron photo-  
grapher. Pat White Gorrie is an Otis-  
field poet and writer.

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... Page 8 **Apple Country**  
get to pick your apples, Ralph?"

"I used to use farmers who didn't grow apples, high school students, and women. For several years now I have been using Jamaicans. They have big hands and can pick over one hundred bushel a day. Locals do well to pick fifty bushel. Jamaicans don't bruise the apples when they pick... Finger bruises don't show up until after the apples are put under refrigeration and the juice has settled in the spot."

"Do you usually pay by the bushel?"

"Yes, I get more apples picked by the bushel. The main problem about using locals is that they are not too anxious to work. It is too easy to be on welfare."

"Do you have atmospheric storage so you can hold your apples until spring?"

"No, my best market is at the door. When it comes apple time, people come right to the door and want apples. The same families come year after year—three generations of them. They seem to like our apples. I sell as many as a thousand bushel on a weekend. They like to have lunch on our lawn or in the orchard. They make a picnic of it."

Six years ago Ralph's wife passed away. The Westons had no children. When Mark De Shaies—a young man who had worked for Ralph after school and weekends throughout high school—came to him and announced that he wanted to get married, Ralph invited him to move into the big house with his bride. The De Shaies now have two children, and Ralph enjoys having the family that he and his wife could never have.

"The children don't give me any trouble and it is away ahead of getting my own meals. When you need to spray, you don't have time to go out and get help."

Reluctantly, I had to terminate our delightful conversation. At the foot of the hill, I stopped to take a few photographs; Ralph stood at the top of the hill and waved a powerful hand. It would not be too long before hundreds of families would be making their annual pilgrimage to purchase Ralph's tasty apples, have a picnic, and hopefully get Ralph to tell some good stories. No wonder Manley Bracket had said, "Jack, if you are going to write about apples, you have got to meet Ralph Weston." □

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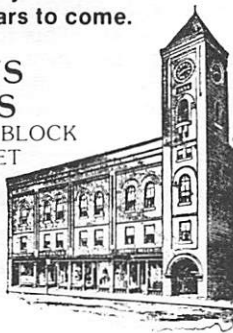
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## THE EMPTY CHAIR

I got to school dreading it, not because of what I was about to find out, but because I had a bad case of "spring fever." I walked in and I can't describe it, but I knew something was wrong. There weren't any of the usual early morning sounds, and everyone was strangely quiet. I saw Janine and went to talk to her. She pulled me into the bathroom and told me what had happened. Bob Grant, our English teacher and my friend, had died.

I don't remember the exact words or thoughts that were running through my head, but I do remember thinking that I hadn't said goodbye. Maybe that wasn't an appropriate thought, but it was an honest one. My first thoughts should have been for his family, but the fact that I hadn't said goodbye blanked out all my other thoughts.

The last time I had seen him had been the day before. We talked about school, and how his tennis team was going to the state matches that weekend. Funny how you remember an insignificant conversation, when it becomes one of the most important in your life. I wish I could have told him how much I loved him and how much he meant to me. More than that, though, I wish I could have given him time, time to do all the things he wanted to do and time to see Mary Beth and Chris, his children, grow up.

Mary Beth was my best friend, and I wondered what I could say to her to make everything better. I spent a lot of time trying to think of the "magic" words. Then I realized that words weren't always needed. We just hugged each other and cried. We cried for the father she'd lost, the friend I'd

As time went on, M.B. and I could talk about the memories we both had, like the time we'd all played tennis together and times during *Oklahoma* and *Anything Goes*. We remembered how nervous he, as director, had been right up to the night of the first show and then how excited and pleased he was when it was over and had gone well. Then there are the separate memories I have. I remember Mr. Grant as being a quiet man, but he still had his opinions. He was caring, always asking how I was and what my plans were. He was a great teacher, and though I never had him for English, I learned a lot from him, the main thing being to take time and enjoy life.

Most of my memories are in the Grant house. The little things I remember may not be important to anyone else, but they mean a lot to me. One of them was Mr. Grant in "his" chair. The chair is over by the window in the family room and is the most comfortable chair in the house. If anyone was sitting in it when he came home and wanted to relax, they had better find another place to sit, fast. The day he died, I walked into the house and Chris was sitting in the chair. He reminded me of his dad and I guess that was an appropriate place for him to be sitting.

I also remember having dinner with them. We'd all sit down together, and the next thing I'd know they'd all be done and I'd still be eating. This left a lot of time to talk, since no one would leave until I was done. They talked about school, comparing Scarborough, where Mrs. Grant taught, with Gorham. This led to lots of arguments, but they were the fun kind, the ones that make you want to pick a side and join in. They always made me feel welcome

and like part of the family when I was in their home.

Bob Grant did a lot of things to make people proud, but what made me most proud was when he treated me like a daughter. He was always there to comfort me or praise me. He played peacemaker when M. B. and I had a fight and always was there with moral support. The Grant house was my second home and still is, but when I walk in and see the empty chair, it's like an empty space even memories can't fill.

JoAnne Denehy, 18

## THE PLAYHOUSE

Dan and I headed for the 100-year-old barn that sat painfully on a foundation of granite slabs. The building leaned desperately due to the icy winters and humid summers it had endured. I wondered if the fingers of wild ivy that grew around the base kept it from toppling over.

Because I was only seven and Dan was only four years older, our parents didn't want us in the unsafe building. Kid-fashion, we would tell them we were going to the camp down by the river.

We used the foundation as our entrance into the barn. Boosting our small bodies up and through the glassless windows, we entered our dusty, dark playhouse. Cobwebs formed curtains of lace that looked as if they had been carelessly draped over the woodwork. Streams of light entered through the cracks in the walls and roof, forming beams of life and security in this lonely place. Dan and I proceeded in, climbing on the old and creaking timbers up to the loft.

In the loft we pawed through discarded goods left by previous occupants. Rum-maging through the barn, we found skeletons of unfortunate cats and rodents, and we considered these to be treasures worth keeping.

A dufflebag filled with musty-smelling Navy clothes provided a holding place for our findings. These findings included pieces of harnesses, horseshoes, old farm tools, and cooking utensils.

We ran our hands over the splintery holes that were found in the floor below the loft. The holes were left by a bull my father once owned. At this time we let our imaginations take over and we imagined this bull snorting and chasing us out of the barn.

Satisfying our curiosity for one day, we boosted ourselves out the window and into the bright afternoon sun. Afraid that the discovery of our playhouse would be made, Dan and I hurried home.

Jimmy Lombard, 18

It is obvious that these students have been challenged by ideas and have become practiced at putting their thoughts and impressions on paper. We congratulate them and all of the teachers who submitted work by their students.



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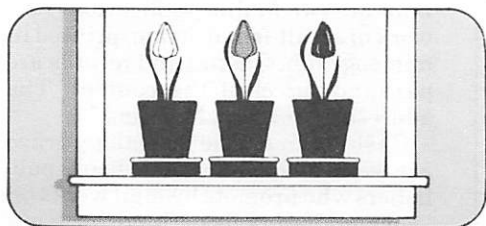
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# Potpourri

Gardening Tips by  
Margaret Harriman

## OCTOBER

What could be more lovely than New England in Autumn? Mother Nature has put on her most colorful raiment: russet red oaks, golden beech and birch, scarlet maples; mingled with the soft greens of white pine and deep greens of fir and hemlock. The blue sky stretches forever and even the air is perfumed with a special aroma which bids us stop for just a moment and enjoy the bountiful, beautiful earth.

As you rake those ever-falling leaves, don't let all those soil-enriching nutrients go up in smoke. Use them for mulch or the compost pile, adding the garden refuse, discarding only the weeds.

Dig gladiolus bulbs and store them away for next year, along with your squash, onions, cabbage, potatoes, beets, and carrots, keeping them in a cool (35° to 40°), dry storage area.

Plant bulbs for spring flowering—lily bulbs should be planted six inches deep as well as daffodils and tulips; plant hyacinths five inches deep and crocus three inches. Take those few moments of labor now for such satisfaction and the joy of Nature born anew in the warm spring. Transplant lily-of-the valley this month. It likes rich soil and a shady spot. Don't plant too deep.

Also, this is the last call for planting shrubs. Now is a good time to cut away wood, before leaves begin to fall.

Put away the garden tools, cleaning them with old kerosene or paint thinner, and covering them with a heavy film of oil to prevent rust. Now is a good time to take inventory so you'll have new tools (or at least a list) ready when spring comes again and you need them.

Gather wild grapes and the dry flowers that Mother Nature has prepared for us—the work of drying already finished. There are dry seed pods of iris, ferns, and milkweed; brown spikes of steeple bush and hard hock; evening primrose and

mullein; giant reeds and numerous other grasses.

Find a day or a pleasurable few hours to go to Fryeburg Fair—the grand finale of Maine Country and Agricultural fairs. (This year Oct. 3rd through the 10th.)

Be careful on All Hallows' Eve. The little goblins, hoblins, and witches are usually out there in great number. Worry not that they'll get you, but drive with extreme care lest you get them. God bless all the little ones and keep them safe from harm.

For those of us who always have too much zucchini and not enough cucumbers, I use them mixed together for mustard pickles. I worked for years perfecting the recipe, and I will share it with you here. These are sweet, spicy, and delicious:

*15-20 large peeled cucumbers—seeded*

*5-6 peeled zucchini—seeded*

*6 large green tomatoes*

*6 large green peppers*

*6 red sweet peppers (optional)*

*3-5 lbs. small onions*

*1 large bunch of celery*

*1 head cabbage*

*1 head cauliflower*

Dice and mix together in large canning kettle; add one-half cup pickling salt; let stand overnight; drain in the morning and make sauce:

*5 lbs. sugar*

*1 tsp. mustard seed*

*4 tsp. tumeric*

*1 tsp. hot crushed peppers*

*2 cups flour*

*2 qts. vinegar*

*1 qt. water*

*1 small can dry mustard*

Cook sauce until thick; add to vegetables and cook until heated through. Put in jars and seal—I process mine 5 minutes in a boiling water bath.

Take time to enjoy the beautiful colors and scenery this gorgeous time of year has to offer.

*Mrs. Harriman is an expert florist and dry-flower arranger in Limerick.*

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## GENEALOGICAL TRAILS

It's a high-adventure journey for those finding family roots this fall. Join us as we hike along our genealogical trails. We'll travel some family by-ways in this state of Maine. We'll cover some how-to's for beginners, share in happenings across the nation, and drum up some handy addresses and hints for experienced researchers who are stumped on their thousand-piece puzzle.

According to a prominent genealogical journal, genealogy is in Number Three spot as a favorite hobby in the country. The countrywide passion for collecting the names of our ancestors stems, no doubt, from the Bicentennial and the success of Alex Haley's *Roots* on nationwide t.v. It is amazing to think, however, that only five years ago two couples sat down in a Farmington living room and discussed resurrecting the long-dormant Maine Genealogical Society. Today, memberships in the organization they founded have surpassed 1,000. 850 newsletters march out to mailboxes across the state and in Canada on a bi-monthly basis. (The Society's address is Box 221, Farmington, Maine 04938-0221.)

What do you do with all these ancestors once you've found them? Some families unfurl banners and establish their own family associations. Groups by the name of Griswold, Boggs, Robinson, Hawkes, Kimball, Price, and Seely, to mention a few, have their own communications publications which wing around to members of the clans, cementing ties of kinship.

Other people produce booklets on their family heritage which they present or sell to other family members, or give away to libraries. Still others think up creative ways to display their research findings, such as concocting wall exhibits of photographs; notebooks of birth, death, and marriage certificates; Christmas trees decorated with tiny momentoes and vintage portraits from family archives; needlepoint hangings of the family tree.

### Top Pop Charts

How to record the information you collect poses a challenge for novice genealogists. Sometimes charts aren't easy to find, locally, but they can be ordered from a variety of mail-order firms. We've had good luck with Ye

## Mainely Ancestors by Lauralee Clayton



Olde Genealogie Shoppe, 9605 Vandergriff Road, P. O. Box 39128, Indianapolis, IN 46239. A catalog sells for \$1.50 postpaid, which details and illustrates charts and record books for sale.

If your preferences lean toward fan charts or hanker for notebook-sized mini-charts; if you seek that discriminating touch of class in a chart superimposed over a landscape illustration of a covered bridge or an historic farmhouse, the Shoppe stocks a variety of aids for genealogists. When we ordered a spacious fan chart recently, it arrived with nary a wrinkle in a flat box through U.P.S.

Genealogy buffs even have their own magazines, today. One is *The Genealogical Helper*, published in Logan, Utah, by The Evertons, P. O. Box 368. Bi-monthly issues run to 200 pages with a computerized "Roots Cellar" and queries. A recent issue sported on glossy cover a photo of grandma in her Victorian bicycling attire, out for a sprint.

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*Boat* are two Maine publications, the work of an all-female team, printed in mimeograph. Queries and records are part-and-parcel of the content. The address is Box 398, Machias.

Cashing in on the genealogy craze are several questionable book publishers who promote by mail works on "your unique family heritage" or "your unique family name." Step cautiously here. I've received letters of disappointment with the contents, sections of which contain blank pages and others which carry listings from telephone directories of other people with your last name. No specific history of your individual family appears in these books by "Beatrice Bayley" or "Sharon Taylor."

Hatching ancestors is the nicest kind of arm-chair hobby. To begin your search and family history, you can start a card file. Use a shoebox or index box file, and 3x5" index cards. Make a card for yourself and one for each of your parents and grandparents. Use a standard format, such as: "Name \_\_\_\_\_, born \_\_\_\_\_ (location and dates), married \_\_\_\_\_, died \_\_\_\_\_, buried \_\_\_\_\_." You can add other details such as residences, occupation, and schooling if you like. Alphabetize the cards, and presto, your very own *Surname Index File* is a reality. Leave blanks if you do not have the information available. On the reverse side of the cards, jot down the references for confirming each scrap of data, such as birth information from a birth certificate, children's names from a will, Bible records, or whatever applies. This portable file is the foundation for your research and history project. Happy hunting!

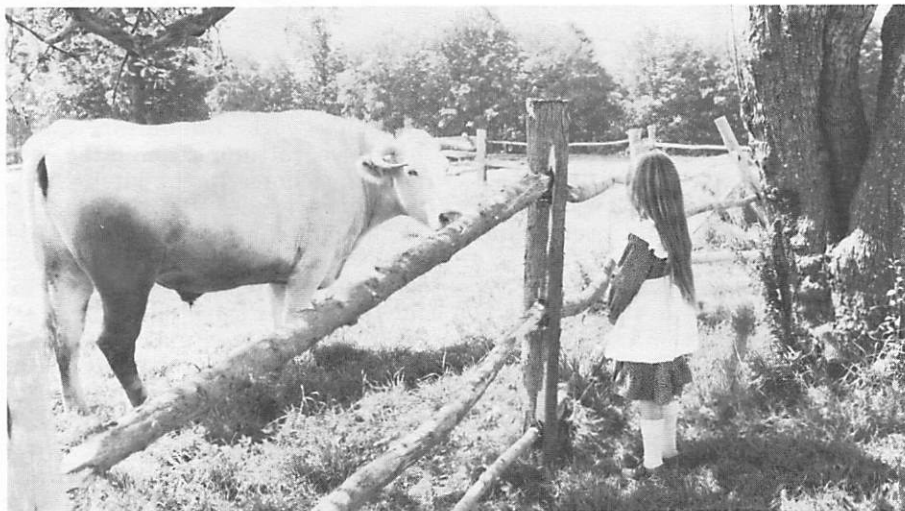
Lauralee Clayton edits *The Maine Seine* news publication for the Maine Genealogical Society, and writes an educational and query column, "Your Side of the Family," in the *Rockland Courier-Gazette*. She grew up in the Adirondacks in New York State and attended Wells College; spent time in Germany; and settled in Connecticut, where she became entranced with genealogy after investigating the history of the family's 1750 saltbox homestead. Now a permanent Rockport resident, she dabbles in painting and quilting when not busy at the typewriter. She is married and the mother of five children with one grand-child—a new leaf on her family tree.



# You Can Go Home Again

## A Journey To Norlands

by Judith Andrews Green



Above: Sarah Green with "Bright," the cow. (Photo by Skipp Green.)  
Below: Live-in participants with Hilton: "Me? Chop wood? Are you serious?" (Photo by Judith Green.)

It really did seem a lot like my grandmother's house.

Billie Gammon had written to us not to expect our stay at Norlands to seem like a vacation or a visit to Grandma's house. During the four-day historical live-in at Norlands in Livermore, we were to experience Maine farm life as it was lived in the 1870's: its labors and its pleasures, with all its sights and sounds and textures, so different from those of the 1980's. But I felt very much at home, sitting there in the big low-ceilinged kitchen in the Norlands farmhouse, while the baked beans and the brown bread simmered comfortably on the cookstove. It did remind me of my grandmother's kitchen at the Warren Farm in North Waterford. I felt very welcome at Norlands, very much at home.

Emmaline bustled about, rattling the stove lids, making sure that the tables were set properly in the dining

room. "Better tell those menfolks to come and get it 'fore it gets cold," she told me as she deftly drew the steaming brown bread out of the big pot. I skittered out to do as I was told

... just like the small girl who loved to be in the kitchen with Mrs. Kit-tredge so many years ago.

We elbowed in around the tables, the "Pray family" at one table and the "Waters" at the other, plus Emmaline and Hilton, the farmhand. The plates came around: thick slices of ham; the dark, savory beans; the brown bread melting chunks of fresh yellow butter; mustard pickles; milk cold from the icebox, rich and frothy; and good stiff coffee, hot from the back of the stove. We ate and talked, talked and ate; groaning, we sent our plates back for seconds and thirds, and still found room for Emmaline's thick, chewy molasses cookies.

The conversation around the two tables was a genial mixture of family banter, rehashing and reliving the day's activities on the farm, and getting to know one another. For we had come together, fourteen of us from all over the Northeast, to live together as members of two families who had lived on that spot in Livermore, Maine, over 100 years ago. When we arrived, we were given new names—new iden-





*Waiting for dinner*

ties. For the next three days, we were faced with our two-fold assignment of finding out as much as we could about our historical personages from primary sources such as deeds, wills, and census lists; and of learning how our characters had actually lived, on a day-to-day basis, on their wind-swept hill farms.

The farm chores kept us hopping. From the wake-up call till it was time to climb up over the stairs to bed, we were given a taste of every task that farm families accomplished in the far greater self-sufficiency of the 1870's. The first morning my family was assigned to the men's chores. We mucked out the barn, fed and watered the stock, took turns milking the long-suffering cow, curried the oxen and the huge horses, and killed and plucked a few chickens for Sunday dinner. Then Hilton led us further afield: under his humorous eye, we attacked

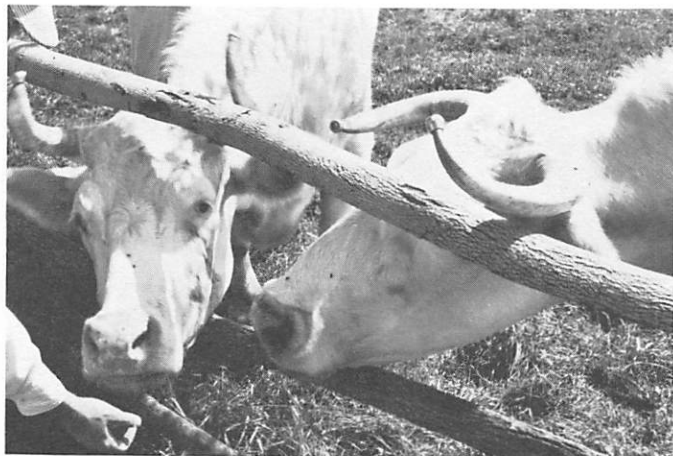
a hayfield with scythes, a woodpile with axes, and a woodlot with long, slender, two-man saws. Hilton kept us moving, with a skillful set of directions for each task—and an old Maine story to help us remember them. He was a skillful leveler, too. The city folks were timid at first, gingerly shovelling manure or hefting an axe as if it were bound to bite them; but Hilton put them at their ease. Those of us with more experience had to keep our eyes open to avoid being stung. I will always think of Hilton standing there in the barn doorway, beaming, as I realized—weak with laughter—that I had been maneuvered by a few well-chosen words into putting the heavy yoke onto the ox team . . . upside down. My husband came to the kitchen doorway, dishcloth in hand, with the anguished cry: "She knows better than that!"

The next day our family learned

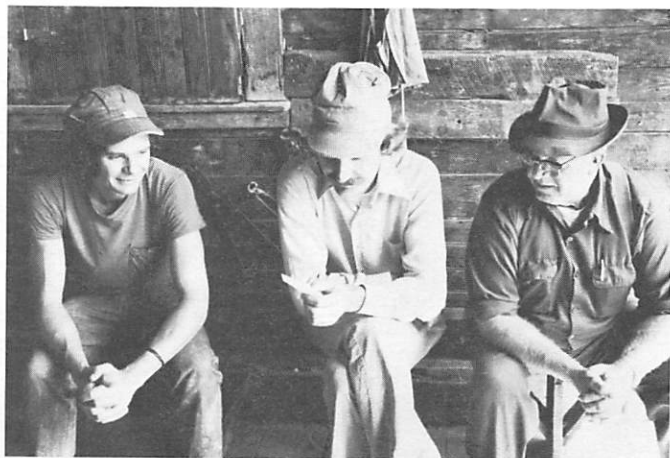


*Norlands kitchen*

women's work. Emmaline was up before us, rattling through the early morning chores in the kitchen. She issued us each—"Pa" included—a ruffled mob cap and apron, and under her direction we emptied the bedroom washbowls, then prepared breakfast for the hungry "menfolk" out in the barn. Soon we were outside, weeding the garden . . . and watching wistfully as the Pray family hitched up the oxen and lurched off in the big wagon, laughing and singing, to the woodlot. In the afternoon, Aunt Clara stopped by to teach us to spin. Then we labored on patches for a quilt, while Clara and Emmaline gossiped outrageously about everyone in the neighborhood: Hilton's brother, whose broken leg would of course have to be amputated; old Jesse's chances of surviving another night; that Chase girl who studied too hard at the woman's seminary and came to a bad end



*Everyone's favorites—"Bright" and Broad"*  
(Skipp Green photo.)



*Albert and Otis Pray talking things over with Hilton*  
(3 photos this page by Judith Green)



... Victorian morés, 19th century medicine, family structure, the expectations that these people had out of life on their old Maine farm, all these pieces began to fit together into a coherent whole.

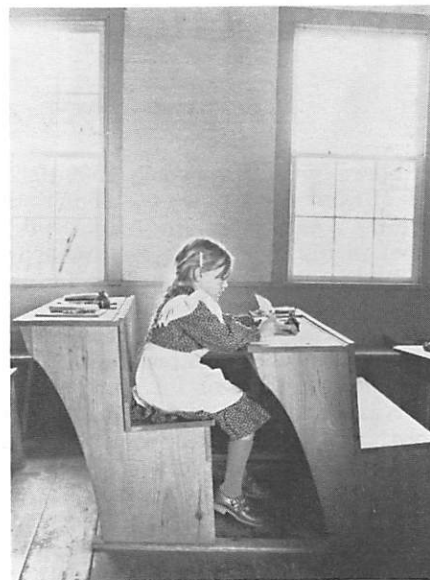
Each day, for several hours before supper, the two families sat down around two big tables in the high-ceilinged Victorian parlor and dug into our own past. Now, with the sights and sounds and smells of the farm still in our senses (and a day's work in our muscles), these Prays and Waters became very real to us. How hard they worked—and we knew what work they did. How they depended on their little community—and we knew of their neighbors now, too. How they lived—and how they died. Otis Pray's first wife died in childbirth; one woman in seven did, but now we saw the human suffering in that figure. To raise infant Drusilla, Otis married his wife's sister; the community was that small. They had five more children ... and watched them move away west, before and after the Civil War, when the rocky little Maine farms gave way to the greater lure of the open prairie. Nothing is left of their house but the doorstep, and a well-sweep in an empty field.

There was little for me to find out about my own "self," Almira Waters. She remained a spinster, staying to look after her aging parents as her brothers and sisters, too, moved west. And dying soon after her parents did, and moving only a quarter of a mile to the quiet graveyard on the hill. Her

family's farm has gone to woods now; the cellar hole is there, in the alders. Almira's life was a quiet one, but satisfying too, perhaps, with much to keep her busy.

Of course, it wasn't all work. We learned how our families entertained themselves in those misty days before cars and t.v. A walk to the neighbors' house by lantern light, elaborate guessing games, a quilting bee, a barn dance complete with musicians and home-made ice cream ... such festivity was packed along with everything else into those four days. And more, too: a Sunday afternoon church service, the sermon warning us against demon rum; a long morning with our slates and quill pens in the schoolhouse; a candelight tour of the Washburn mansion (and ghosts); magnificent story telling by Billie Gammon.

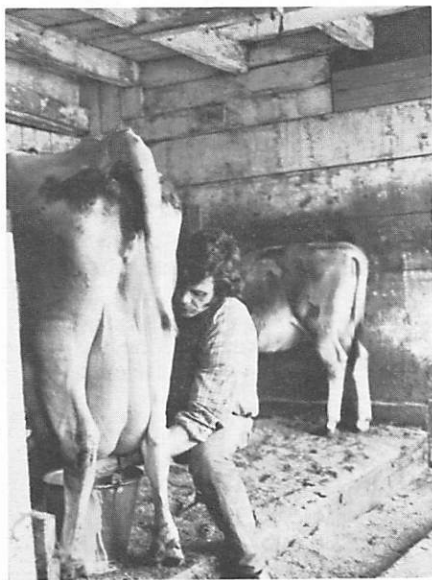
As we were getting ready to leave on Monday afternoon, Billie urged us



*At the Norlands schoolhouse  
(Sarah Green)*



*Old Miz Lovejoy,  
from the town poor  
farm (Billie  
Gammon, Director  
of the Washburn-  
Norlands founda-  
tion) and Emmaline*



to come back: "Come home." I still feel that that was what I had done. As we cleared away after our last meal together, carrying the plain, heavy crockery into the kitchen ... the familiar, old tune of the pump handle squawking up and down ... the water heating on the stove, lugged over and cascading into the big tin dishpan ... the chatter of friends and the rattle of dishes ... wiping and piling the same kind of plates and cups into the same kind of cupboard as I have at so many years of North Waterford church suppers ... As I moved about in the homey kitchen, wearing one of my great-aunt's aprons, I wondered: what had happened to the little girl who learned to bake a blueberry pie in her grand-

mother's kitchen? She is gone, like Almira Waters; but, like Almira, she is remembered, too. And now an adult, she came home to Norlands.

**The Norlands historical live-  
ins are held eight times a year.  
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mation, write:**

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*Judith Green, a Waterford resident,  
has had published several novels she  
wrote to aid her in teaching adults to  
read. She is currently the Adult Educa-  
tion coordinator for S.A.D. #17.*

*Left: Albert Pray taking a turn at milking. (All photos this page  
by Skipp Green)*

# Recollections:

## Llewellyn A. Wadsworth

Llewellyn A. Wadsworth (1939-1922) of Hiram, Maine, was a cousin to Henry Wadsworth Longfellow and a poet in his own right. His work, in manuscript form, is located in the Soldiers' Memorial Library in Hiram. Besides being Hiram's official historian at the town's centennial in 1914, Mr Wadsworth was for many years correspondent for *The Oxford Democrat* (Paris, Maine), *The Oxford County Advertiser* (Norway and Paris, Maine), and *The Oxford County Record* (Kezar Falls and Fryeburg, Maine). He was also Associate Editor of the *Record* for some time, and many of his poems were published in its issues. Llewellyn's columns in these papers are interspersed with wit, humor, and pathos of he wrote of the affairs and concerns of his townspeople. The following excerpts from the *Record* illustrate his style.

Hiram, March 5, 1887—*On Friday, Feb. 25th, after the storm and blizzard that has become historic from Maine to Chicago, Miss Priscilla Adams walked from school on Hiram Hill to the house of her father, N. W. Adams, in South Hiram—some six miles. On Monday she came back on foot and on time, through or over drifts eight feet deep, that had been impassable for oxen for three days. The present is her forty-third term. Tell us no more of Bonaparte crossing the Alps. If anybody wants somebody to take children anywhere, and make them ladies, gentlemen, and scholars, let them send for the grey-eyed school-ma'am. We cross examine our memory of forty years in vain to recollect her superior.*

Hiram, Dec. 17, 1887—*Capt. Samuel Wadsworth has had 19 valuable sheep killed by dogs. The dogs became so plenty, that the Captain "marshalled his clan" and administered lead pills.*

Hiram, Feb. 16, 1884—*Mrs. James S. Moulton, a former Supervisor of Schools in Hiram, is teaching at Tracy, Cal. at \$85 per month. We would have been glad of half that sum in 1871, he was our pupil in a 10x12 room in Hiram.*

Hiram, Feb. 23, 1884—*The recent death of Mr. Daniel L. Clemons, formerly of Hiram, recalls suggestions in regard to the longevity of the family. Mr. Clemons was a son of Jonathan and Hannah Clemons and grandson of John and Abigail Clemons, who settled in 1780 where Col. Aldrick M. Clemons now resides. Your humble servant, referring to his census record of 1880, stated that 150 persons, or more than 10 percent of the population of Hiram, was related to said John Clemons. There are 13 Clemons families in Hiram, but only six deaths have occurred in Hiram in forty years among those who were Clemons by birth. Two were feeble infants; two died by accident; and two were aged men of 85 and 87 years. While other families have been almost decimated, no one looks for death in the Clemons families except from teething, accident, or old age.*

Hiram, Oct. 24, 1885—*Joseph O'Clare has gone to Providence, R.I. If nothing prevents, he will return in the near instance and resume work on the silver mine that he discovered on Mt. Cutler. Specimens of ore have been sent to Mass., Nevada, and Colorado and the Assays have been as follows: \$25.12, \$1.00, and \$47.00 per ton. We are a good judge of rocks, and as soon as we harvest our garden "sass" we will look the mine over and guess as near as that.*

Hiram, Oct. 24, 1885—*William C. Clemons raised, this year, a cabbage that weighed thirteen pounds and a turnip that weighed seventeen pounds. It must have been of that variety that a venerable old lady of our native borough used to call a "Ruta Sebago." As we are a cousin to him and his wife and ours, and he is a cousin to us and our wife and his own, we should like to help him eat that cabbage some day, and see if we can find out what relation our boys are to each other and their parents.*

Hiram, Jan. 9, 1886—*On Saturday, Jan. 2, Mr. and Mrs. Freedom Wadsworth celebrated at their residence the tenth anniversary of their wed-*

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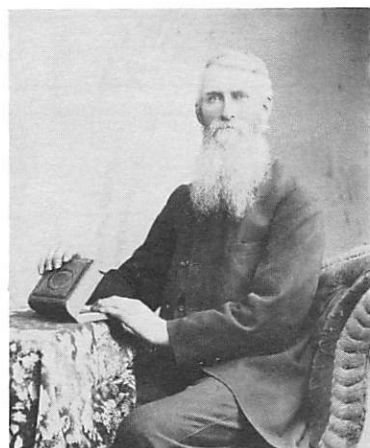
ding. As is usually the case when the Wadsworth and Clemons families join teams, there was a good attendance, and the result was a good sociable occasion and a large number of useful and ornamental presents. We regret that we were unable to attend. Mr. Wadsworth resides on the oldest farm in Hiram, it having been settled in 1774 by Lieut. Benjamin Ingalls, but has been in the Wadsworth family some seventy years. It is pleasantly situated in a bend on the west side of the Saco River, a quiet, peaceful, rural home, embowered by pines, elms, and maples, and gladdened by the merry voices and pattering footsteps of childhood, and, we will add, blessed and hallowed by the presence of grandparents. Mr. John Clemons, the grandfather of Mrs. Wadsworth's grandfather, while on his way from Mass. to Fryeburg in 1779, crossed the Ingalls ferry, on this farm, and stopped to rest, little thinking that a century later the iron horse would speed away over this weary route, to the mountains, while in cozy villages along the old Pequawket Trail, the man of business or of pleasure would send his voice to the seashore over the wires. But the march of improvement is onward!

Hiram, June 21, 1884—John Pierce, Esq., has been repairing the barn on the George W. Burbank place. It is one of the finest locations in Hiram, overlooking both villages. Many years ago, when the teamsters from Coos County, N.H., used to pass through Hiram on their way to Portland, Mr. Asa Burbank, who lived on the lot just named, was called up from bed at midnight, on a cold winter night, and on asking the man his business, he coolly replied that he had no business with him but he had merely called, as he was passing by, to tell what a nice chance he had to drain his cellar.

Hiram, Oct. 31, 1885—Ralph A. Wadsworth is to teach in the Tripp district. We have a vivid recollection that his father, Samuel D. Wadsworth, taught there in 1846, and had an adroit way of administering consolation to our ears, a fact that accounts for our remarkable good behavior ever since, also for the extraordinary longevity of our ears.

Llewellyn

This final item, a public notice, appeared over the signature of Mrs.



Llewellyn Wadsworth

Jane W. (Clemons) Thomes, a cousin of Llewellyn A. Wadsworth. It is a purely conjectural possibility that Llewellyn, as associate editor and correspondent for the newspaper, had some hand in the composition of the item.

Notice, June 27, 1885—Whereas my husband, Sylvanus Y. Thomes, has reported me in the RECORD as having "left his bed and board without just cause and provocation": the truth is, the bed he slept on was mine, and the pillows belonged to my mother. I have been repeatedly cuffed and pounded by him during his drunken tantrums, and often have kept my children and myself from starvation by the charity of my father and my neighbors, to whom I fled for protection. This is my cause and provocation. Jane W. Thomes, Hiram, Maine, May 29, 1885.

Hon. Llewellyn Andrew Wadsworth was born in Tripptown, South Hiram, Maine, on Nov. 13, 1838, the son of Col. Charles and Sarah Lewis Wadsworth. In 1868 he married Annette Clemons and they became the parents of one son, Eli C. Wadsworth. While finding time for composing poetry and compiling the town's history, Llewellyn Wadsworth was at various times engaged as farmer, teacher, school supervisor, town magistrate, and notary public; he was an active member in the local fraternal and religious organizations; and he was a representative to the Maine state legislature in 1879. He died in Hiram on Jan. 1, 1922.

Hubert W. Clemons  
Hiram

Next Month: Peleg Wadsworth

# Wrecks & Memories on the Grand Trunk

THE FOLIAGE TRAIN PART II by John R. Davis

As we approach Yarmouth, the radio comes to life with the engineer's voice informing the conductor of reaching the Yarmouth Junction Yard Limit markerboard, followed by the conductor's acknowledgement. Up front, Assistant Engineman Tommy Goulet will be repeating Engineer Gordy Samson's announcement that the Maine Central Railway crossing signal ahead is green. Then the lead engine lurches as the front truck strikes the "diamond," and loud chatter resounds in succession as each wheelset passes through the the trailing units and generator car seeming to leap across. Once over, a great roar again spews from the engine exhaust stacks in response to the throttle.

The clump of bushes ahead in North Yarmouth is where the east switch was located when one of the Berlin Sub-Division's four most tragic head-on wrecks occurred. At 5:20 a.m., February 15th, 1912, a westbound local freight, about to enter that switch into the siding, was struck by a doubleheaded eastbound grain extra. Everyone jumped, but not all were successful in escaping the wreckage that fell upon them and three of the crewmen perished beneath the flaming wreckage. One, pinned inextricably, was mercifully administered chloroform by a Yarmouth physician. Investigation revealing that the eastbound train's leading engine, an older Mogul-type which had been added at Gorham, was being brought in for repairs due to excessive smoke emission. It had continually obscured the vision of the engineer on the train's regular locomotive ever since departing Gorham and had caused him to overrun the west switch.

On a shallow curve there is an extremely brief sensation that the engine wheels slide rather than roll or slip for a fraction of a second, the dew still a bit heavy on the rails here—and from the looks of the sky off to the west, the rails are apt to be wet a good part of the trip. For the next several miles the countryside is mostly pastureland with only an occasional set of farm buildings and there is little to do except look back along the train in the curves and return the greeting of those waving from the windows

and porches of distant residences. Sometimes the home is nearer the track and the occupants Sunday late-risers who rush to their doorway to watch a part of America's great yesteryears pass by. Two quick toots of the lead engine's whistle as it passes a nearby house quickly catches my attention. Aye, that attractive lady in the picture window has really rushed into the living room. Two more whistle toots from the third engine.

There are faint traces of shadows at Pownal as the sun attempts to emerge from behind some thinning clouds, but a mile further on the skies darken again. Soon New Gloucester, site of the first head-on collision recorded on this line, flashes past. On November 27th, 1849, a westbound Androscoggin and Kennebec Railway train, running between Portland and Danville Junction under a trackage agreement, collided with an eastbound Atlantic & St. Lawrence freight. Both trains were discovered approaching one another in time for their engineers to check speed. There was but little damage to the locomotives and there were no personal injuries.

Speed drops once more as Danville Junction's yard limit is called over the radio and the Maine Central's diamond signal is green. Freight cars on the interchange track echo the coaches passing alongside. Engine lurch and diamond clatter seem less noticeable with the traction motors emitting a "winding down" sort of noise while approaching the small office building. The train order board indicates there are orders attached to the slender, spine-bracketed steel post close trackside, and Gordy thrusts his arm from the cab window to scoop in the engineman's copies from the top set of spines. A sizeable crowd is clustered about the platform ahead, where the Grand Trunk depot used to be; some to board as passengers and others here to see them off or merely view the train. Moving slowly past them, Conductor LeFebvre's voice comes over the radio.

"We'll entrain them aboard the next-to-last coach," he says, and at intervals sounds out the distance for spotting: "Six cars... five... four cars... three... two... one car to stop. Okay, good, stop."



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Gordy emerges from the cab of the 4550 to come back for a look at the steam generator car and to check on the 4551's performance. No problems were encountered to this point, so most likely everything will function smoothly on the remainder of the trip.

Conductor LeFebvre calls the "All Aboard," and Samson tugs the whistle chord. Once again the traction motors whirr loudly coming to life in getting the heavy train underway, and the stack exhaust echoes from the old abutments that once lifted the Maine Central's Rumford Junction-to-Mechanic Falls track up over the Grand Trunk's. *The headless iron horseman was created at this spot one night back during the depression years. Three black hoboes laying atop a boxcar on a freight coming east had just passed beneath the telltale warning ropes that hung above the tracks when one of them sat up. While the train was stopped at Danville for water, one of his companions sought out the conductor to inform him that there was a man sitting up on top of one of those boxcars and that "he ain't got no head."*

Once, when it had its own elegant two-story station building nestled inside the east leg of the wye, Lewiston Junction was the changing point for passengers going to and from the west, while those to the east were served directly by the Lewiston-Portland train. After the agency closed in the 1930's, the building was moved in sections to Songo Pond in Albany township where it was reassembled as a summer home, and Danville Junction became the mainline connection for the Branch passenger trains.

Beyond Bridge No. 22, the Mechanic Falls, a trace of where the old Buckfield Branch Railroad joined the Grand Trunk comes into view. That line, also originally constructed in broadgauge, proceeded off to the right, and for many years it and the successor companies operated their passenger trains directly from Portland over the Grand Trunk. Following extension upriver from Canton to Rumford and a subsequent dispute between Chisholm and Pettengill over the latter's attempt to bring a Grand Trunk branch into Rumford from above the Great Falls, the line constructed its own section from Mechanic Falls to Danville where it was eventually to become a part of the Maine Central.

**Continued Next Month**

# Susanna and Sue

by Kate Douglas Wiggin

## Chapter 3

### Divers Doctrines

*I*t was a radiant July morning in Albion village, and when Sue first beheld it from the bedroom window at the Shaker Settlement, she had wished heartily that it might never, never grow dark, and that Jack and Fardie might be having the very same sunshine in Farnham. It was not noon yet, but experience had in some way tempered the completeness of her joy, for the marks of tears were on her pretty little face. She had neither been scolded nor punished, but she had been dragged away from a delicious play without any adequate reason. She had disappeared after breakfast, while Susanna was helping Sister Tabitha with the beds and the dishes, but as she was the most docile of children, her mother never thought of anxiety. At nine o'clock, Eldress Abby took Susanna to the laundry house, and there under a spreading maple were Sue and the two youngest little Shakeresses, children of seven and eight respectively . . . They had dragged a large box from one of the sheds and set it up under the tree. The interior had been quickly converted into a commodious residence, one not in the least of a Shaker type. Small bluing boxes served for bedstead and dining-table, bits of broken china for the dishes, while tiny flat stones were the seats, and four clothes-pins, tastefully clad in handkerchiefs, surrounded the table.

"Do they as kneel in prayer before they eat, as all Believers do?" asked Shaker Mary.

"I don't believe Adam and Eve was Believers, 'cause who would have taught them to be?" replied Sue; "still we might let them pray, anyway, though clothes-pins don't kneel nicely."

"I've got another one all dressed," said little Shaker Jane.

"We can't have any more; Adam and Eve did n't have only two children in my Sunday School lesson—cain and Abel," objected Sue.

"Can't this one be a company?" pleaded Mary, anxious not to waste the clothes-pin.

"But where would comp'ny come from?" queried Sue, "There just was n't any more people anywheres but just Adam and Eve and Cain and Abel. Put the clothes-pin in your apron pocket, Jane, and bimeby we'll let Eve have a new baby, and I'll get Mardie to name it right out of the Bible. Now let's begin. Adam is awfully tired this morning; he says, 'Eve, I've been working all night and I can't eat my breakfuss.' Now, Mary, you be Cain, he's a little boy and you must say, 'Fardie, play a little with me, please!' and Fardie will say, 'Child'en should n't talk at the—"

. . . Eldress Abby, with a firm but not unkind grasp, took Shaker Jane and Mary by their little hands and said, "Morning's not the time for play; run over to Sister Martha and help her shell the peas; then there'll be your seams to oversew."

Sue watched the disappearing children and saw the fabric of her dream fade into thin air; but she was a person of considerable individuality for her years. Her lip quivered, tears rushed to her eyes and flowed silently down her cheeks, but without a glance at Eldress Abby or a word of comment she walked slowly away from the laundry, her chin high.

"Sue meant all right, she was only playing the plays of the world," said Eldress Abby, "but you can well understand, Susanna, that we can't let our Shaker children play that way and get wrong ideas into their heads at the beginning. We don't condemn an honest, orderly marriage as a worldly institution, but we claim it has no place in Christ's kingdom; therefore we leave it to the world, where it belongs. The world's people live on the lower plane of Adam; the Shakers try to live on the Christ plane, in virgin purity, long-suffering, meekness, and patience."

"I see. I know," Susanna answered slowly, with a little glance at injured Sue walking toward the house, "but we needn't leave the children unhappy this morning, for I can think of a play that will comfort them and please you—Come back, Sue! Wait a minute, Mary and Jane, before you go to Sister Martha! We will play the story that

Sister Tabitha told us last week. Do you remember about Mother Ann Lee in the English prison? The soap-box will be her cell, for it was so small she could not lie down in it. Take some of the shingles, Jane, and close up the open side of the box. Do you see the large brown spot on one of them, Mary? Push that very hard with a clothes-pin and there'll be a hole through the shingle—that's right! Now, Sister Tabitha said that Mother Ann was kept for days without food, for people thought she was a wicked, dangerous woman, and they would have been willing to let her die of starvation, but James Whittaker, a boy of nineteen who loved Mother Ann and believed in her, put the stem of a clay pipe in the hole and poured a mixture of wine and milk through it. He managed to do this day after day, so that when the jailer opened the cell door, expecting to find Mother Ann dying for lack of food, she walked out looking almost as strong and well as when she entered. You can play it all out, and afterwards you can make the ship that brought Mother Ann and the other Shakers from Liverpool to New York . . ."

"Perhaps (James Whittaker) stood on this very spot more than once," mused Abby. "It was Mother Ann's vision that brought them to this land—a vision of a large tree with outstretching branches, every leaf of which shone with the brightness of a burning torch! Oh! If the vision would only come true! IF Believers would only come to us as many as the leaves on the tree," she sighed as she and Susanna moved away from the group of chattering children . . .

"There must be so many men and women without ties, living useless lives, with no aim or object in them," Susanna said, "I wonder that more of them do not find their way here. The peace and goodness and helpfulness of the life sink straight to my heart. The Brothers and Sisters are so friendly and cheery with one another; there is neither gossip nor hard words; there is pleasant work, and your thoughts seem to be all so concentrated upon right living that it is like heaven below, only I feel that the cross is

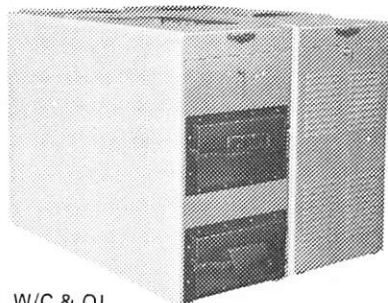
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there, bravely as you all bear it."

"There are roses on my cross most beautiful to see, As I turn from all the dross from which it sets me free," quoted Eldress Abby, devoutly.

"It is easy for me," continued Susanna, "for it was nor cross for me to give up my husband at the time; but oh, if a woman had a considerate, loving man to live with, one who would strengthen her and help her to be good, one who would protect and cherish her, one who would be an example to his children and bring them up in the fear of the Lord—that would be heaven below, too; and how could she bear to give it all up when it seems so good, so true, so right? Might n't two people walk together to God if both chose the same path?"

"It's my belief that one can find the road better alone than when somebody else is going alongside to distract them. Not that the Lord is going to turn anybody away, not even when they bring Him a lot of burned-out trash for a gift," said Eldress Abby, bluntly, "But don't you believe He sees the difference between a person that comes to Him when there is nowhere else to turn—a person that's tried all and found it wanting—and one that gives up freely pleasure, and gain, and husband, and home, to follow the Christ life?"

"Yes, He must, He must," Susanna answered faintly. "But the children, Eldress Abby! If you had n't any, you could perhaps keep yourself from wanting them; but if you had, how could you give them up? Jesus was the great Saviour of mankind, but next to Him it seems as if the children had been the little saviours, from the time the first one was born until this very day!"

"Yes, I've no doubt they keep the worst of the world's people, those that are living in carnal marriage without a thought of godliness—I've no doubt children keep that sort from going to the lowest perdition," allowed Eldress Abby; "and those that we bring up in the Community make the best converts; but to a Shaker, the greater the sacrifice, the greater the glory. I wish you was gathered in, Susanna, for your hands and feet are quick to serve, your face is turned toward the truth, and your heart is all ready to receive the revelation."

"I wish I need n't turn my back on one set of duties to take up another,"

murmured Susanna, timidly.

"Yea, no doubt you do. Your business is to find out which are the higher duties, and then do those. Just make up your mind whether you'd rather replenish the earth, as you've been doing, or replenish heaven, as we've been trying to do..."

Brother Ansel was seated at a grindstone under the apple trees, teaching (intermittently) a couple of boys to grind a scythe, when Susanna came to her work in the herb garden, Sue walking discreetly at her heels.

Ansel was a slow-moving, humorously-inclined, easy-going Brother, who was drifting into the kingdom of heaven without any special effort on his part... He was generous, unambiguous, frugal-minded, somewhat lacking in energy, and just as actively interested in his brother's welfare as his own, which is perhaps not saying much. Shakerism was to him not a craving of the spirit, not a longing of the soul, but a simple, prudent theory of existence, lessening the various risks that man is exposed to in his journey through this vale of tears.

"Women-folks makes splendid Shakers," he was wont to say. "They're all right as Sisters, 'cause their belief makes 'em safe. It kind o'shears 'em o'their strength; tames their sperits; takes the sting out of 'em an' keeps 'em from bein' sassy and domineerin'. Jest as long as they think marriage is right, they'll marry ye in spite of anything ye can do or say—four of 'em married my father, one after another, although he fit 'em off as hard as he knew how. But if ye can once get the faith o'Mother Ann into 'em, they're as good afterwards as they was wicked afore. There's no stoppin' women-folks once ye get 'em started; they don't keer whether it's heaven or the other place, so long as they get where they want to go!"

Elder Daniel Gray had heard brother Ansel state is religious theories more than once when he was first "gathered in," and secretly lamented the lack of spirituality in the new convert. The Elder was an instrument more finely attuned: sober, humble, pure-minded, zealous, consecrated to the truth as he saw it, he labored in and out of season for the faith he held so dear; yet as the years went on, he noted that Ansel, notwithstanding his eccentric views, lived an honest, temperate, God-fearing life, talking no scandal, dwelling



in unity with his brethren and sisters, and upholding the banner of Shakerism in his own peculiar way.

... Susanna stooped over the beds of tansy and sage, thyme and summer savory. "Weeds or no weeds, we're going to have a great crop of herbs this year, Ansel!"

"Yea, so we be! We sowed more'n usual so's to keep the two jiners at work long's we could—"

"What's a jiner, Ansel?"

"Winter Shakers, I call 'em. They're reg'lar constitooshanal dyed-in-the-wool jiners, jinin' most anything an' hookin' on most anywhere. They jine when it comes too cold to sleep outdoors an' they onjine when it comes on spring. Elder Gray's always hopin' to gather in new souls, so he gives the best of 'em a few months' trial. How are ye, Hannah?" he called to a Sister passing through the orchard to search for any possible green apples under the trees. "Make us a good old-fashioned deep-dish pan-dowdy an' we'll all do our best to eat it!"

"I suppose the jiners get discouraged and fear they can't keep up to the standard. Not everybody is good enough to lead a self-denying Shaker life," said Susanna, pushing back the close sunbonnet from her warm face, which had grown younger, smoother, and sweeter in the last few weeks.

"Nay, I s'pose likely; 'less they're same as me, a born Shaker," Ansel replied, "I don't hanker after strong drink, don't like tobaccar. ... ain't partic'lar about meat-eatin', don't keer 'bout heapin' up riches, can't stand the ways o'worldy women-folks, just as lives confess my sins to the Elder as not, 'cause I hain't sinned any to amount to anythin' sence I made my first confession; there I be, a nat'ral follerer o'Mother Ann Lee."

"Them Boston people that come over to our public meetin' last Sunday," he began, "they was dretful scairt 'bout what would become o'the human race if it should all turn Shakers. 'I guess you need n't worry,' I says; 'it'll take consid'able of a spell to convert all you city folks,' I says, 'an' after that, what if the world should come to an end?' I says. 'If half we hear is true 'bout the way folks carry on in New York and Chicago, it's 'bout time it stopped,' I says, 'an' I guess the Lord could do a consid'able better job on a second one,' I says, 'after findin' out the weak places in this.' They can't stand givin' up their

possessions, the world's folks; that's the principle trouble with 'em! If you don't have nothin' to give up—like some o'the tramps that happen along here and convince the Elder they're jest bustin' with the fear o'God—why, o'course 't ain't no trick at all to be a Believer."

"Did you have much to give up, Brother Ansel?" Susanna asked.

"'Bout as much as any sinner ever had that jined this Community," replied Ansel, complacently. "The list o'what I consecrated to this Society when I was gathered in was: One horse, one wagon, one two-year old heifer, one axe, one saddle, on padlock, one bed and bedding, four turkeys, eleven hens, one pair o'ploughing irons, two chains, and eleven dollars in cash—Can you beat that?"

"Oh yes, things!" said Susanna, absent-mindedly, "I was thinking of family and friends, pleasures and memories and ambitions and hopes."

"I guess it don't pinch you any worse to give up a hope than it would a good two-year old heifer," retorted Ansel; "but, there, you can't never tell what foks'll hang on to the hardest! The man that drove them Boston folks over here last Sunday ... "I draw the line at bein' a cerebrate," he says. 'I'm willin' to sell all my goods and divide with the poor,' he says, 'but I ain't gonna be no cerebrate. If I don't have no other luxuries, I will have a wife,' he says. 'I've hed three, an' if this one don't last me out, I'll get another, if it's only to start the kitchen fire in the mornin' and put the cat in the shed nights!"

*Kate Douglas Wiggin's novel is being excerpted here each month. It was a novel she wrote while staying in the Shaker settlement at Alfred ("Albion" in the story).*

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... Page 13 **Ayah**

the Chapel, burned. And one other place the the area. All three were believed to have been set and, as I remember, they all started in the barns.

My mother, as a teen-age girl, worked at Maplecroft, doing chamber work and waiting on tables...

One of my great-grandfathers—a Hobbs—was one of the five first settlers of Norway...

Anna Henderson  
Buckfield

## Goings On

### MUSEUMS

**JOAN WHITNEY PAYSON GALLERY OF ART:** Westbrook College, Portland. Hrs.: Tues.-Fri. 10-4; Sat. & Sun. 1-5. (207) 797-9389. Sept. 5 - Oct. 7, *Leonard Lasansky* Intaglio prints and figure drawings by one of the nation's most outstanding young artists. Oct. 24 - Dec. 5, *Sarah Carr*, Paintings, drawings & collages by a young Maine artist now working in New York. Oct. 31 - Dec. 5, *Marsden Hartley*, *Visionary of Maine*.

**PORTLAND MUSEUM OF ART:** 111 High St., Portland. (207) 775-6148. Thurs. Oct. 7, at the Museum, an illustrated lecture on *Sir John Sloane: Architect and Man* at

## Can You Place It?

If you recognize this locality, write us at P. O. Box 6, Norway, ME 04268. The first to identify it will receive a free subscription to **BitterSweet**.



Last month's **Can You Place It?** was pretty difficult to place, since it was inadvertently printed backwards! However, it was one of the trolley cars on Congress Street, Portland, in front of Porteous Mitchell & Braun's in the mid-1920's. It came from a remarkable picture book called *Remember the Portland Maine Trolleys*, published and sold by Edwin B. (Bill) Robertson, 198 Saco St., Westbrook, ME 04092. The only sharp-eyed person to identify it was Miss Jewel Libby, Steep Falls.



*Lasansky, Girl In Bows, 1981*

8:00 p.m.

**JONES GALLERY OF GLASS & CERAMICS:** Sebago, Maine. (207) 787-3370. Sat., Oct. 9, a full-day (including lunch) lecture on *Glass & Ceramics in Maine Homes before 1840*, by Laura Sprague, researcher, lecturer & curator of the Tate House, Portland. Sat., Oct. 16, *The Art of Cameo Glass*, with Dr. and Mrs. Leonard Rakow, who recently set up an exhibit of cameo glass at the Corning Museum. Full-day lectures cost \$15. Usual gallery hrs.: Mon.-Sat. 9:30-5:00 (through Oct.). Admission Adults \$2.00, Seniors & Students \$1.50. In addition to the regular display of 3,000+ pieces from all periods, there is a 2,000-volume library, a collection of over 4,000 slides, and a large selection of periodicals.

**DYER-YORK Library & Museum:** Saco. Through Oct. 30 featuring an exhibit titled *Banks and Boxes*, including American toy banks of the 19th century; a Spanish Armada Treasure Chest, thimble-sized boxes, Shaker boxes, and much more. Local collector Dorothy Cole will lecture on boxes Thurs. Oct. 7 at 7:30 p.m. Hrs.: Tues.-Sat.

1-4 p.m. Donations. (207) 282-3031 or 283-3861. Sponsored by Saco-Biddeford Savings Institution.

### ETC.

**UNIVERSITY OF MAINE AT AUGUSTA: Fall Lecture Series:** Oct. 7, 11:30 a.m., Brooks Stoddard, architectural historian on *American Gothic in Maine*, Rotary Room, Performing Arts Center at Bath (co-sponsored by PACB). Donation. Oct. 14, 11:30 a.m., *Cities of Tuscany Through Art-Colored Glasses*, Rhoda Oakley, Rm. 180, Jewett Hall, UMA. Donation. Oct. 21, 11:00 a.m., *Judy Chicago*, a film about her controversial exhibit: *The Dinner Party*. Rm. 180, Jewett Hall. Donation. **Performing Arts Events:** Oct. 27, 8 p.m. *Intermezzi Ensemble of London*, touring company of European opera companies performing one-act comic operas by Offenbach. Jewett Hall, UMA. Admission \$6.50/\$5.50. Reservations 622-7131, Ext. 212. Nov. 4, 8 p.m., *Connecticut Ballet* with Robert Vickrey, Cony High School Auditorium. \$6/\$7/\$8. Co-sponsored by FORUM-A and UMA.



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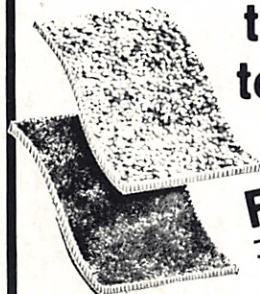
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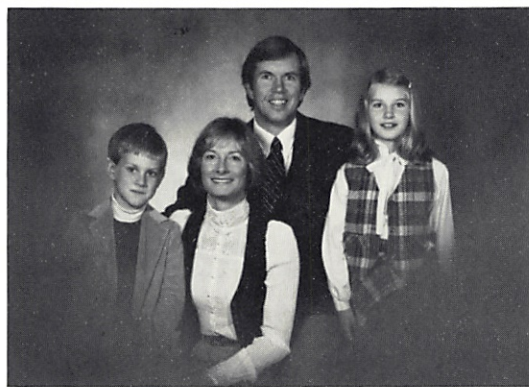
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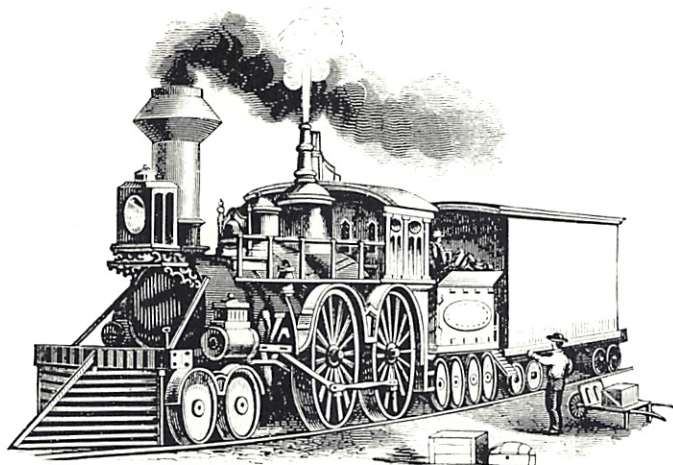


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